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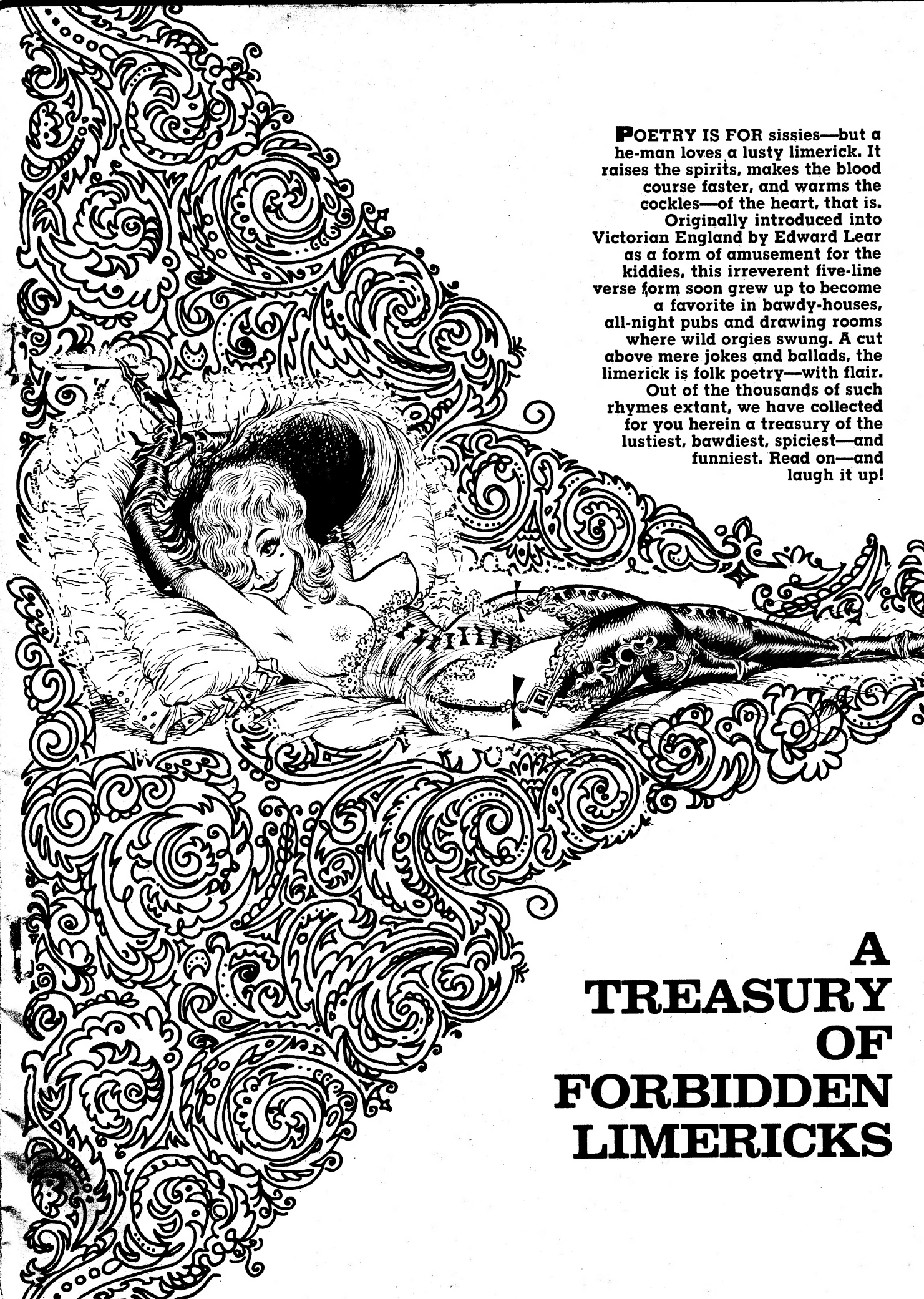
THE *Adam* **BOOK OF**
ADULT
STAG
HUMOR

**SCORCHING, BAWDY,
SPICED STRICTLY FOR
MEN ■■■■■■■■■■**

ADULTS ONLY!



WARD

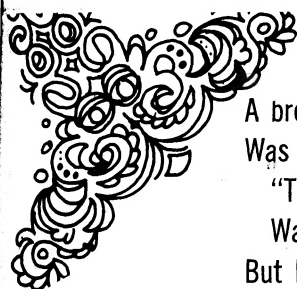


POETRY IS FOR sissies—but a
he-man loves a lusty limerick. It
raises the spirits, makes the blood
course faster, and warms the
cockles—of the heart, that is.

Originally introduced into
Victorian England by Edward Lear
as a form of amusement for the
kiddies, this irreverent five-line
verse form soon grew up to become
a favorite in bawdy-houses,
all-night pubs and drawing rooms
where wild orgies swung. A cut
above mere jokes and ballads, the
limerick is folk poetry—with flair.

Out of the thousands of such
rhymes extant, we have collected
for you herein a treasury of the
lustiest, bawdiest, spiciest—and
funniest. Read on—and
laugh it up!

A TREASURY OF FORBIDDEN LIMERICKS



A broken-down harlot named Tupps
Was heard to confess in her cups:
 "The height of my folly
 Was diddling a collie—
But I got a nice price for the pups."

There was a young man from Lynn
Whose tool was the size of a pin.
 Said his girl with a laugh
 As she fondled his staff,
 "This won't be much of a sin."


A hearty young fellow named Yost
Once had an affair with a ghost.
 At the height of the spasm
 The poor ectoplasm
Cried, "Goodie! I feel it . . . almost."

There was a young lady of Crewe
Whose hymen a chap blundered through—
 This she told to her mother
 Who fixed her another
Out of rubber and red ink and glue.

There was a young maid from Mobile
Whose equipment was made of blue steel!
 She got all her thrills
 From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

A young bride was once heard to say,
 "Oh dear, I am wearing away!
 The insides of my thighs
 Look just like mince pies,
For my husband won't shave every day."

A gentle old Dame they called Muir
Had a mind so delightfully pure
 That she fainted away
 At a friend's house one day
When she saw some canary manure.



There was a young plumber of Lea
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
 She said, "Stop your plumbing;
 There's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

A geneticist living in Delft,
Scientifically played with himself;
 When he was done
 He labeled it: "Son,"
And filed it away on a shelf.

There was a young man in Woods Hole
Who had an affair with a mole.
 Though a bit of a nancy
 He did like to fancy
Himself in the dominant role.

An avant-garde bard named McNaminter
Had a tool of enormous diameter.
 But it wasn't the size
 That brought passionate cries,
'Twas the rhythm—dactylic hexameter!

There was an old rake from Stamboul
Felt his ardor grow suddenly cool.
 No lack of affection
 Reduced his erection—
But his zipper got caught on his tool.

An indolent swordsman of Bray
Kept his wife in the family way,
 Till she grew more alert,
 Bought a vaginal squirt,
And said to her spouse, "Let us spray!"

A bobby of Nottingham Junction
Whose tickler had long ceased to function
 Deceived his good wife
 For the rest of her life
With the aid of his constable's truncheon.

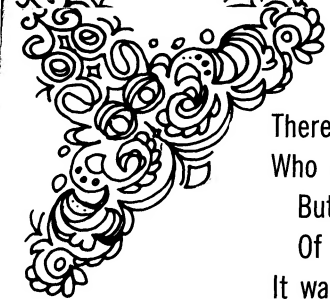
There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty, that men craned their necks at her.
 One went so far
 As to wave from his car
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

A Pansy who lived in Khartoum
Took a lesbian up to his room,
 And they argued all night
 Over who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

There was a young lady named Gloria
Who was had by Sir Gerald Du Maurier.

And then by six men,
Sir Gerald again,
And the band at the Waldorf-Astoria.





There was a young lady of Maine
Who declared she'd a man on the brain.
But you know from the view
Of the way her waist grew,
It was not on her brain that he'd lain.

There was a young lady from Brussels
Who was proud of her vaginal muscles.
She could easily plex them
And so interflex them
As to whistle love songs through her bustles.

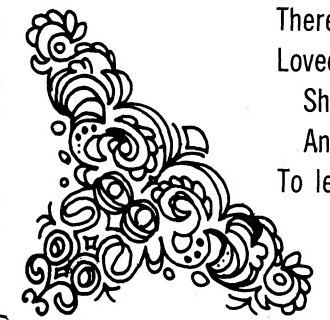
There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball.
Just for a whirl
He dressed up as a girl
And was raped by a dog in the hall.

There was a young girl named Anheuser
Who said that no man could surprise her.
But Old Overholt
Gave her virtue a jolt,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

You've heard of the young man from Kent
Whose lance was so long that it bent...
To save all the trouble
He put it in double
And instead of coming, he went!

A remarkable race are the Persians,
They have such peculiar diversions.
They make love the whole day
In the regular way,
And save up the nights for perversions.

The prior of Dunstan St. Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
Raped the bishop's prize fowls,
Seduced four startled owls
And a little green lizard, that bust.



There was a young lady of Twickenham,
Loved sausages—never got sick of 'em.
She knelt on the sod
And prayed to her God
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em.

An ignorant maiden named Rewdid
Did something amazingly stupid:
When her lover had spent
She douched with cement,
And gave birth to a statue of Cupid.

There was a young sailor from Brighton
Who remarked to his girl, "It's a tight one."
She replied, "Shut your face,
You're up the wrong place;
There's plenty of room in the right one."

There was a young man of Dumfries
Who said to his girl, "If you please,
It would give me great bliss
If, while playing with this,
You would pay some attention to these!"

There was a young whore from Madrid
Whom anyone could have for a quid.
But a bastard Italian
Built like a stallion
Said he'd do it for nothing... and did.

There was a young maid from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass;
Not rounded and pink,
As you probably think—
It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

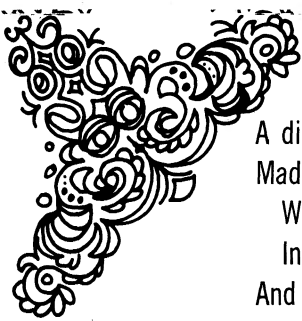
There was a young girl from Hoboken
Who claimed that her hymen was broken
From riding a bike
On a cobblestone pike,
But it really was broken from pokin'.

A team playing baseball in Dallas
Called the umpire a jerk out of malice.
While this worthy had fits,
The team made eight hits
And a girl in the bleachers named Alice.

There was a marine named O'Hare
Who was diddling a girl in a chair
At the sixty-third stroke,
The furniture broke
And his rifle went off in the air!

There was an old Count of Swoboda
Who would not pay a whore what he owed her.
So with great savoir-faire
She stood on a chair,
And just ruined his whiskey-and-soda.





A disgusting young man named McGill
Made his neighbors exceedingly ill
When they learned of his habits
Involving white rabbits
And a bird with a flexible bill.

The nipples of Sarah Sarong,
When excited, are twelve inches long.
This embarrassed her lover
Who was pained to discover
She expected he'd be just as long.

There was a young maiden named Rose.
With erogenous zones in her toes.
She remained onanistic
'Til a foot-fetichistic
Young man became one of her beaux.

There once was a lady named Carter,
Fell in love with a virile young Tartar.
She stripped off his pants,
At his lance quickly glanced,
And cried: "For that I'll be a martyr!"

A worried young man from Stamboul
Discovered red spots on his tool.
Said the doctor, a cynic,
"Get out of my clinic!
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool."

There was a young man from the War Office
Who got into bed with a whore of his.
She took off her drawers
With many a pause,
But the chap from the War Office tore off his.

A certain young person of Ghent,
Uncertain if lady or gent,
Shows his goodies at large
For a small handling charge
To assist him in paying the rent.

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who had to live belly to belly,
Because once, in their haste,
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady named Flo
Whose lover had pulled out too slow.
So they tried it all night
Till he got it just right . . .
Well, practice makes pregnant, you know.

Have you heard about Madame Lupescu,
Who came to Rumania's rescue?
It's a wonderful thing
To be under a king.
Is democracy better? I ask you?

The team of Tom and Louise
Do an act in the nude on their knees
They crawl down the aisle
With legs raised dog-style
And the orchestra plays Kilmer's "Trees."

There was a young man from Montrose
Who could diddle himself with his toes.
It was such a treat
He fell in love with his feet,
And christened them Myrtle and Rose.

A young man with passions quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie.
He slapped her behind
And made up his mind
To add incest to insult and injury.

There was a young girl of Darjeeling
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling
There was never a sound
For miles around
Save of fly-buttons hitting the ceiling.

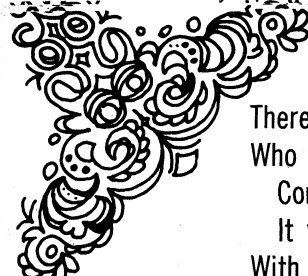
A scandal involving an oyster
Sent the Countess of Clewes to a cloister
It was better in bed
Than the Count, so she said,
Being longer, and stronger, and moister.

There was a young artist named Frentzel
Whose tool was as sharp as a pencil.
He went through an actress,
The sheet and the mattress,
And busted the bedroom utensil.



There was a young man of Kildare
Who was plumbing a girl on the stair.
The bannister broke,
But he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.





There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a sexing machine.
Concave or convex
It would fit either sex,
With attachments for those in between.

A habit obscene and bizzare
Has taken a-hold of papa:
He brings home young camels
And other odd mammals,
And gives them a go at mama.

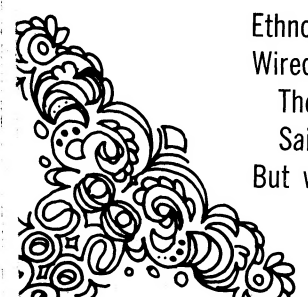
A fisherman off of Cape Cod
Said, "I'll roger that tuna, by God!"
But the high-minded fish
Resented his wish,
And nimbly swam off with his rod.

There was a young lady from Munich
Who was had in a park by a eunuch.
In a moment of passion
He shot her a ration
From a squirt-gun concealed 'neath his tunic.

A soldier named Douglass McDougall
Was caught having sex with his bugle.
Said they of the army,
"We think that you're barmy."
Said he, "It's the new way to frugle."

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And a happy erection
Brought just to perfection
Makes me terribly sad when it goes.

The nymphomaniac, Alice,
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina,
Her buttocks in Buckingham Palace.



Ethnologists up with the Sioux
Wired home for two punts, one canoe.
The answer next day
Said, "Girls on the way,
But what the hell's a 'panoe'?"

There was an old maid in Peru
Who'd a dog and a cat and a gnu.
From a sailor named Harrot
She bought an old parrot,
And he threw in a young cockatoo.

There was a young girl named McKnight
Who got drunk with her boy-friend one night.
She came to in bed
With a split maidenhead—
That's the last time she ever was tight.

No one can tell about Myrtle
Whether she's sterile or fertile
If anyone tries
To tickle her thighs
She closes them tight like a turtle.

A certain young shiek I'm not namin'
Asked a flapper he thought he was tamin',
"Have you your maidenhead?"
"Don't be foolish," she said,
"But I still have the box that it came in."

A lady while dining at Crewe
Found an elephant's whang in her stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And don't wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too."

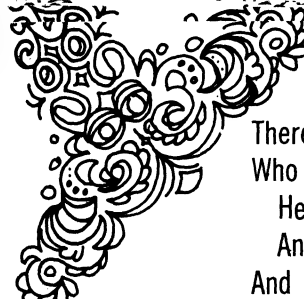
There was a young lady of fashion
Who had oodles and oodles of passion.
To her lover she said,
As they climbed into bed,
"Here's one thing the bastards can't ration!"

A reckless young lady of France
Had no qualms about taking a chance,
But she thought it was crude
To have sex in the nude,
So she always went home with damp pants.

Of his features she didn't think much,
But then, at the very first touch,
Her attitude shifted—
He was terribly gifted
At fiddling and diddling and such.

There once was a harlot at Yale
With her price-list tattooed on her tail,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
She had it embroidered in Braille.





There was a young fellow named Price
Who dabbled in all sorts of vice.
He had virgins and boys
And mechanical toys,
And on Mondays . . . he meddled with mice!

There was a young man from Racine
Who was weaned at the age of sixteen
He said, "I'll admit
There's no milk in the tit,
But think of the fun it has been."

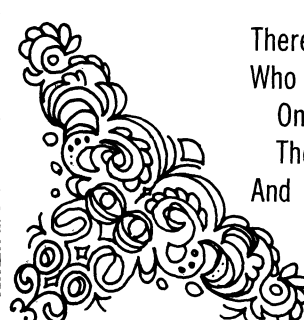
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Shot sparks like a big Roman candle.
He was much in demand,
For the colors were grand,
But the girls found him too hot to handle.

A sensitive fellow named Harry
Thought sex too revolting to marry.
So he went out in curls
And frowned on the girls,
And he got to be known as a fairy.

The last time I dined with the King
He did quite a curious thing:
He sat on a stool
And took out his tool,
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

A widow whose singular vice
Was to keep her late husband on ice
Said, "It's been hard since I lost him—
I'll never defrost him!
Cold comfort, but cheap at the price."

There was a young man from Peru
Whose lineage was noble all through.
Now this isn't crud
For not only his blood.
But even his semen was blue.



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Who invented a sexing machine.
On the twenty fifth stroke
The God damn thing broke
And beat his poor rod to a cream.

A young Juliet of St. Louis
On a balcony stood, acting screwy.
Her Romeo climbed,
But he wasn't well timed,
And half-way up, off he went—blooey!

A nudist resort at Benares
Took a midget in all unawares.
But he made members weep
For he just couldn't keep
His nose out of private affairs

There once was a horny old bitch
With a motorized self-diddler which
She would use with delight
All day long and all night—
Twenty bucks: Abercrombie & Fitch.

There was a young fellow named Skinner
Who took a young lady to dinner.
At a quarter to nine
They sat down to dine;
By twenty to ten it was in her.

A girl who was no good at tennis,
But at swimming was really a menace,
Took pains to explain,
"It depends how you train:
I was once a street-walker in Venice."

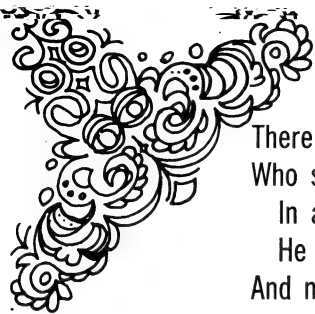
A tuckered young trollop of Nome
Was tired from her toes to her dome.
Eight miners came wooing,
But she said, "Nothing doing;
One of you has to go home!"

There was a young lady of Louth
Who suddenly grew very stout.
Her mother said, "Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your mouth."

A fearless young spermatozoa
Remarked to an ovum, "Helloa!
We'd make a cute foetus,
But I fear she'd mistreat us—
By the looks of this place, she's a whoah."

There was a young lady named Hall
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section, and all.





There once was a dentist named Stone
Who saw all his patients alone.
In a fit of depravity
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my, how his practice has grown!

A plumber whose name was Ted Fink
Plumbed the cook as she bent o'er the sink.
Her resistance was stout,
And old Ted petered out
With his pipe-wrench all limber and pink.

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
As he sunk his harpoon into me.
Her tail it was fine
But you should have seen **mine!**
In the shade of the old apple tree.

There was a young lady named Twiss
Who said she thought diddling a bliss,
For it tickled her some
And caused her to come
while comfortably lying like this.

There was a young fellow named Bowen,
Whose tickler kept growin' and growin'.
It grew so tremendous,
So long and so pendulous,
'Twas no good for diddlin'—just showin'.

A lady with features cherubic
Was famed for her area pubic.
When they asked her its size
She replied, in surprise,
"Are you speaking of square feet, or cubic?"

There once was a newspaper vendor,
A person of dubious gender.
He would charge one-and-two
For permission to view
His remarkable double pudenda.

When he tried to inject his huge whanger
A young man aroused his girl's anger.
As they strove in the dark
She was heard to remark,
"What you need is a zeppelin hangar."

There was a young girl of Eau Claire
Who once was attacked by a bear.
While chased in a field
She tripped and revealed
Some meat to the bear that was rare.

The bride went up the aisle
In traditional virginal style,
But they say she was nary
An innocent cherry,
But a whore from the banks of the Nile.

A girl named Alice, in Dallas,
Had never felt of a phallus.
She stayed **virgo intacto**,
Because, **ipso facto**,
No phallus in Dallas fit Alice.

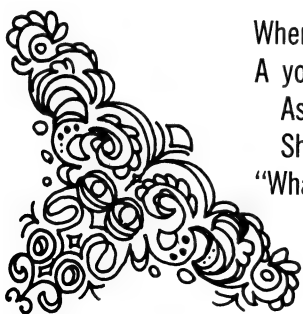
A morbid young lady named Jean
Was known as the Masochist Queen.
She used thistles and cacti
In pursuit of her practi,
In a manner both odd and obscene.

A nudist girl wearing three raisins,
A masquerade prize was her goal.
The judges said, "Lookie,
From the front she's a cookie,
From the back she's a Parker House roll."

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her heels in a doorway.
She said to her beau,
"Take a look at me, Joe,
I think I've discovered one more way."


A fanatic gun-lover named Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust
His idea of a peach
Had a sixteen-inch breech,
And a pearl-handled 44 bust.

A lady athletic and handsome
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom
When she offered much gold
For release, she was told
That the view was worth more than the ransom.



The sea captain's tender young bride
Fell into the bay at low tide.
You could tell by her squeals
That some of the eels
Had discovered a dark place to hide.





A certain young sheik of Algiers
Said to his harem, "My dears,
Though you may think it odd of me,
I'm tired of sodomy,
Let's try some straight loving!" (Loud cheers!)

There was a small laddy named Herkin
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin.
His mama said, "Herkin,
Quit jerkin' your gherkin,
Your gherkin's for ferkin', Herkin!"

There was an old man of Hong Kong
Who never did anything wrong.
He would lie on his back
With his head in a sack
And passively finger his gong.


A virginal maid of Samoa
Determined that no man should knowa,
When one fellow tried
She wriggled aside
And spilled all the spermatozoa.

A queer-minded fellow named Terry
Was eating a fruit on the ferry.
He said, "It tastes good.
I'd eat more if I could,
But sometimes they aren't quite ready."

An impish young fellow named James
Had a passion for idiot games.
He lighted the hair
Of his lady's affair
And laughed as she came through the flames.

There once was a maiden named Harrison
Who craved an affair with a Saracen;
So once on a liner
She diddled a Shriner —
But really, there is no comparison.

There was a young girl of Peru
Who had nothing whatever to do,
So with both legs in the air
She counted each hair —
Four thousand, three hundred and two.



There was a young man with a fiddle
Who asked of his girl, "Do you diddle?"
She replied, "Yes, I do,
But prefer to with two—
It's twice as much fun in the middle."

The Shah of the Empire of Persia
Lay for days in a sexual merger.
When the nautch asked the Shah.
"Won't you ever withdraw?"
He replied with a yawn, "It's inertia."

There was a young fellow named Meek
Who invented a lingual technique.
It drove women frantic
And made them romantic,
And wore all the hair off his cheek.

The eminent Mrs. DeVue
Was born in a cage at the zoo,
And the curious rape
Which made her an ape
Is highly fantastic, if true.

There was a young fellow named Lancelot
Whom his neighbors all looked on askance a lot.
Whenever he'd pass
A presentable lass,
The front of his pants would advance a lot.

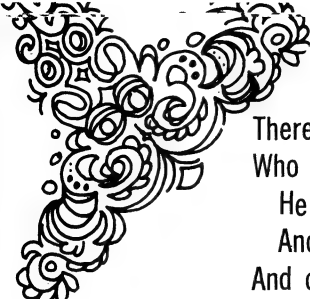
There was a young lady of Rhodes
Who sinned in unusual modes.
At the height of her fame
She abruptly became
The mother of four dozen toads.

An erotic neurotic named Syd
Got his Ego confused with his Id.
His errant libido
Was like a torpedo,
And that's why he done what he did.

There was a young virgin named Alice
Who thought of her trough as a chalice.
One night, sleeping nude,
She awoke feeling lewd,
And found, in her chalice, a phallus.

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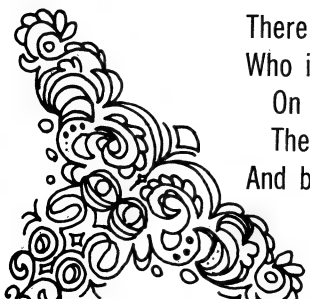
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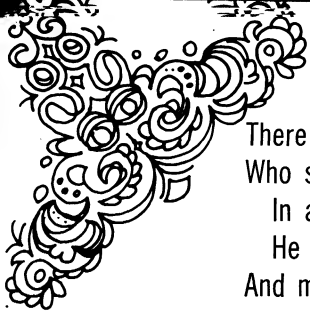
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There was a young lady named Hall
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.

The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section, and all.





There once was a dentist named Stone
Who saw all his patients alone.
In a fit of depravity
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my, how his practice has grown!

A plumber whose name was Ted Fink
Plumbed the cook as she bent o'er the sink.
Her resistance was stout,
And old Ted petered out
With his pipe-wrench all limber and pink.

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
As he sunk his harpoon into me.
Her tail it was fine
But you should have seen **mine!**
In the shade of the old apple tree.

There was a young lady named Twiss
Who said she thought diddling a bliss,
For it tickled her some
And caused her to come
while comfortably lying like this.

There was a young fellow named Bowen,
Whose tickler kept growin' and growin'.
It grew so tremendous,
So long and so pendulous,
'Twas no good for diddlin'—just showin'.

A lady with features cherubic
Was famed for her area pubic.
When they asked her its size
She replied, in surprise,
"Are you speaking of square feet, or cubic?"

There once was a newspaper vendor,
A person of dubious gender.
He would charge one-and-two
For permission to view
His remarkable double pudenda.

When he tried to inject his huge whanger
A young man aroused his girl's anger.
As they strove in the dark
She was heard to remark,
"What you need is a zeppelin hangar."

There was a young girl of Eau Claire
Who once was attacked by a bear.
While chased in a field
She tripped and revealed
Some meat to the bear that was rare.

The bride went up the aisle
In traditional virginal style,
But they say she was nary
An innocent cherry,
But a whore from the banks of the Nile.

A girl named Alice, in Dallas,
Had never felt of a phallus.
She stayed **virgo intacto**,
Because, **ipso facto**,
No phallus in Dallas fit Alice.

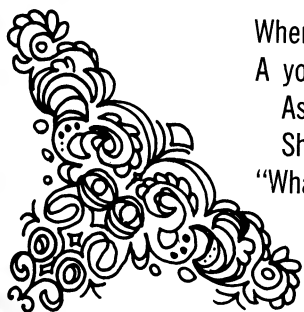
A morbid young lady named Jean
Was known as the Masochist Queen.
She used thistles and cacti
In pursuit of her practi,
In a manner both odd and obscene.

A nudist girl wearing three raisins,
A masquerade prize was her goal.
The judges said, "Lookie,
From the front she's a cookie,
From the back she's a Parker House roll."

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her heels in a doorway.
She said to her beau,
"Take a look at me, Joe,
I think I've discovered one more way."

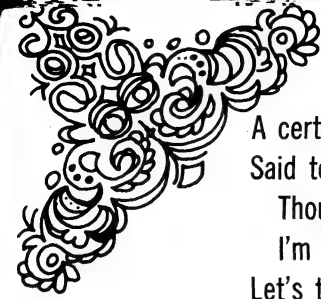
A fanatic gun-lover named Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust
His idea of a peach
Had a sixteen-inch breech,
And a pearl-handled 44 bust.

A lady athletic and handsome
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom
When she offered much gold
for release, she was told
That the view was worth more than the ransom.



The sea captain's tender young bride
Fell into the bay at low tide.
You could tell by her squeals
That some of the eels
Had discovered a dark place to hide.





A certain young sheik of Algiers
Said to his harem, "My dears,
Though you may think it odd of me,
I'm tired of sodomy,
Let's try some straight loving!" (Loud cheers!)

There was a small laddy named Herkin
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin.
His mama said, "Herkin,
Quit jerkin' your gherkin,
Your gherkin's for ferkin', Herkin!"

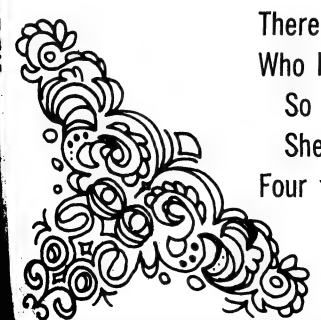
There was an old man of Hong Kong
Who never did anything wrong.
He would lie on his back
With his head in a sack
And passively finger his gong.

A virginal maid of Samoa
Determined that no man should knowa,
When one fellow tried
She wriggled aside
And spilled all the spermatozoa.

A queer-minded fellow named Terry
Was eating a fruit on the ferry.
He said, "It tastes good.
I'd eat more if I could,
But sometimes they aren't quite ready."

An impish young fellow named James
Had a passion for idiot games.
He lighted the hair
Of his lady's affair
And laughed as she came through the flames.

There once was a maiden named Harrison
Who craved an affair with a Saracen;
So once on a liner
She diddled a Shriner—
But really, there is no comparison.



There was a young girl of Peru
Who had nothing whatever to do,
So with both legs in the air
She counted each hair—
Four thousand, three hundred and two.

There was a young man with a fiddle
Who asked of his girl, "Do you diddle?"
She replied, "Yes, I do,
But prefer to with two—
It's twice as much fun in the middle."

The Shah of the Empire of Persia
Lay for days in a sexual merger.
When the nautch asked the Shah.
"Won't you ever withdraw?"
He replied with a yawn, "It's inertia."

There was a young fellow named Meek
Who invented a lingual technique.
It drove women frantic
And made them romantic,
And wore all the hair off his cheek.

The eminent Mrs. DeVue
Was born in a cage at the zoo,
And the curious rape
Which made her an ape
Is highly fantastic, if true.

There was a young fellow named Lancelot
Whom his neighbors all looked on askance a lot.
Whenever he'd pass
A presentable lass,
The front of his pants would advance a lot.

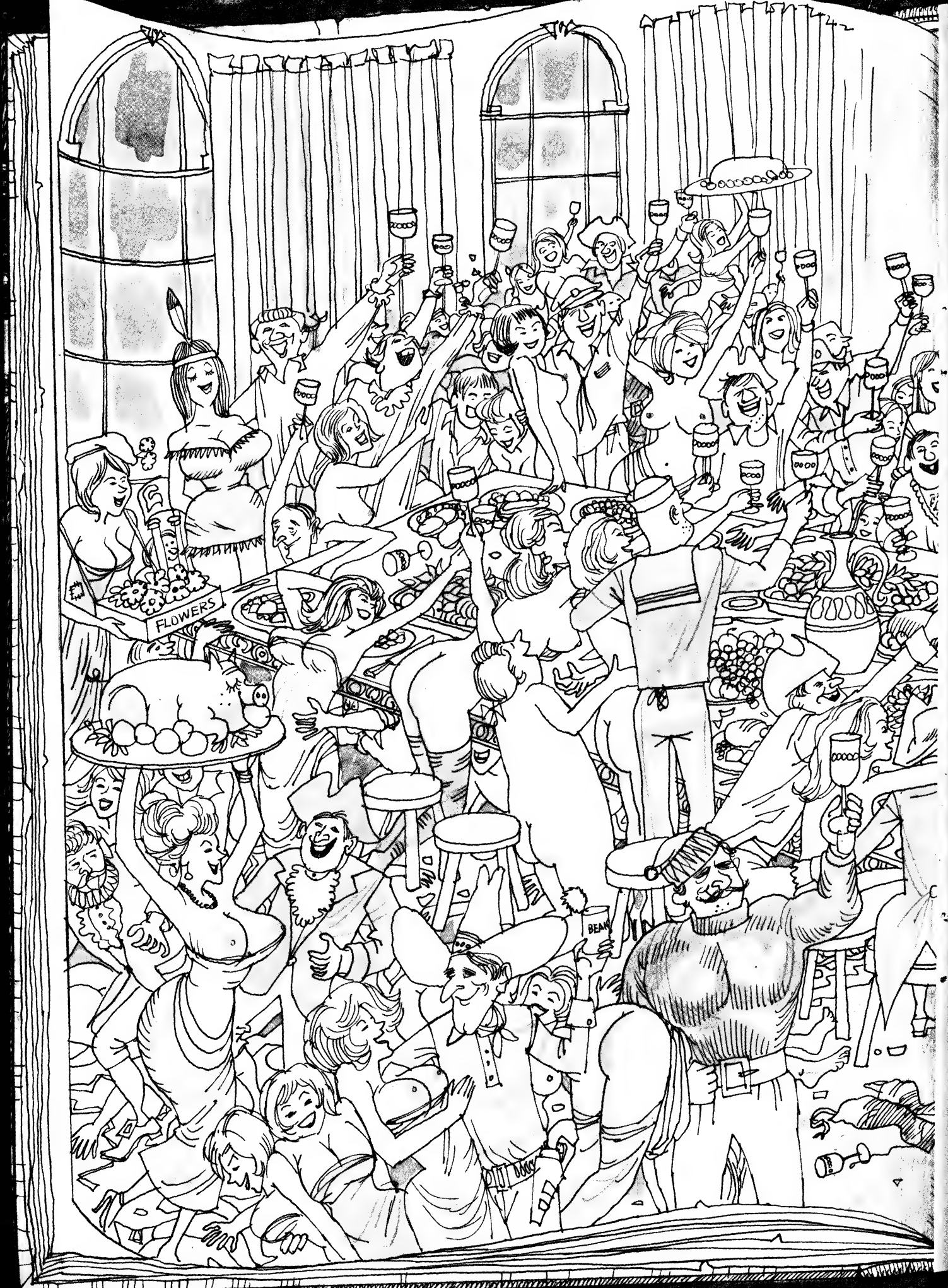
There was a young lady of Rhodes
Who sinned in unusual modes.
At the height of her fame
She abruptly became
The mother of four dozen toads.

An erotic neurotic named Syd
Got his Ego confused with his Id.
His errant libido
Was like a torpedo,
And that's why he done what he did.

There was a young virgin named Alice
Who thought of her trough as a chalice.
One night, sleeping nude,
She awoke feeling lewd,
And found, in her chalice, a phallus.

While Titian was mixing rose-madder,
His model posed nude on a ladder
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.







he World's Most Shocking Song Book

MUSIC, SAID Shakespeare, "is the food of love."

Which is all well and good, we suppose. But in the next several pages, you are about to partake of a fare aimed at nurturing a slightly more robust emotion—though not one that is entirely divorced from love.

The menu we have prepared, in fact, has been carefully calculated to vitaminize and stimulate the growth of a very special kind of love. Specifically, the bawdy, blustering, earthy love of life.

Now, it may seem to some that the banquet we are herewith offering is rather liberally laced with "sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice"—girls, that is, and the delightful dalliances and merry mis-adventures involving them. Well, if it seems that way, it is only because it is that way. What, pray tell, is life (and the love thereof) all about, if not just that? What else makes the world go 'round, if not the perpetual emotion of the sexes?

In truth, though, there is a more basic ingredient common to all the lusty servings you will presently sample, a special flavoring that permeates each item of our song-filled smorgasbord. You'll find it in the raucous roarings of that perennial salt, "Barnacle Bill," and taste it in the bitter defiance of the unrepentant "Sammy Hall." It is the pepper in the rollicking command to the nameless lass told to "Go Out And Hustle," the zing in the plight of "Red Wing." It is the sweet-tart, tangy zest, the joyous go-to-hell attitude you'll find in each and every set of lyrics throughout the following pages. And it is this which really makes ours "The World's Most Shocking Song Book." For nothing is ever as shocking as the spirit of human defiance and the raw courage of the uninhibited heart from which these and a thousand bawdy ballads like them have sprung.

The repast we are about to serve, then, is not—as some self-styled moralists might contend—an offering of prurient potpourri for its own sake. It is, in fact, a tribute, a memorial dinner, as it were, to every lusty voice throughout time and across the world that was ever raised in ribald revolution against the stultifying forces of straight-laced "morality" and ultra-propriety, and thus renewed the love of life in every human breast.

A toast, then—to start the meal: "Here's to music, the food of life!"





BARNACLE BILL

"Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Why, it's only me from over the sea!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"I've just come back from Port-a-gee!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"I'm newly come upon the shore,
And this is what I'm lookin' for:
A willin' maid or even a whore!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"I'll come down and let you in;
I'll come down and let you in;
I'll come down and let you in in,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Well, hurry before I bust the door!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"My skivies are tight; my temper's raw!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"I'm so wound up, I'll never quit;
I need me a gal, or I'll have a fit;
A bag, a hag—from the Bottomless Pit!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks;
Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks.
Why don't you go get a shave?"
Cried the fair young maiden.

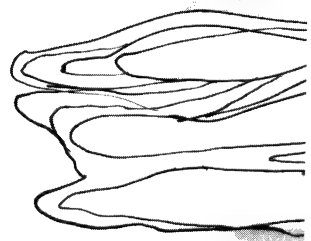
"Why, I ain't shaved in twenty years!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"It saves me washin' my neck and ears!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"My whiskers grow so bloody fast
They cover the ship from hull to mast.
Why the seahorses eat 'em instead of grass!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"Oh, did you see other girls
With blue eyes and yellow curls?
Am I as pretty as other girls?"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Why, they made me king of the Sandwich Isles,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"The harem girls wore nothing but smiles,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"The harem girls had dimpled knees,
And sandwiches grew on breadfruit trees,
But I couldn't stand their bloody fleas!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"Tell me that we soon will wed;
Tell me that we soon will wed;
Tell me that we soon will wed,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"You silly fool, it's nothing but sport,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"I sleep with a gal in every port,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"I'm off to sail another tack,
To give some other wench a crack —
But keep it oiled 'til I get back!"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor. * * *



THE BALLAD OF SAMMY HALL

A traditional English folk ballad

Oh, me name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall ...
Me name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall ...
Oh, me name is Sammy Hall
And I hates ye, one 'n' all ...
Yer a bunch o' bastards, all!
Damn yer eyes!

Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, so it's said ...
I killed a man, 'tis said, so it's said ...
Yes, I killed a man, 'tis said —
Crushed in his ruddy head!
An' I'm glad the bastard's dead!
Damn his eyes!

So, they say I gotta swing, gotta swing ...
Yes, they say I gotta swing, gotta swing ...
Oh, they say I gotta swing
On a ruddy li'l string,
Just to please the bloody King —
Damn his eyes!

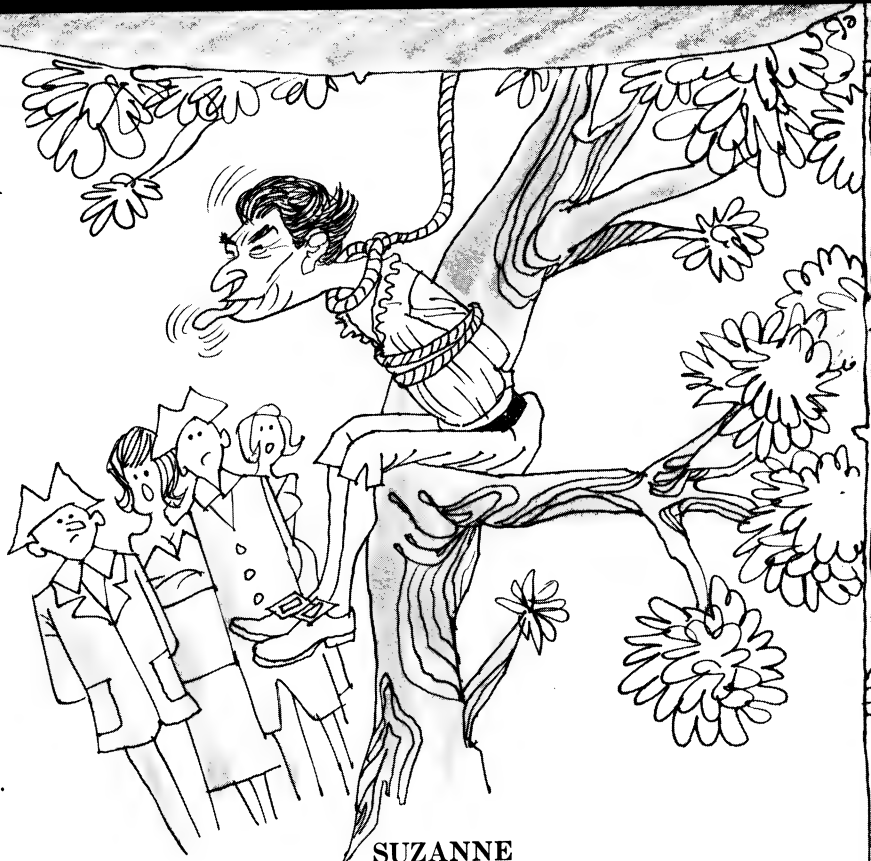
Oh, the Parson he did come, he did come ...
Yes, the Parson he did come, he did come ...
Oh, the Parson he did come
An' he talked of Kingdom Come!
Well, he can kiss me ruddy bum —
Damn his eyes!

Oh, I climbed the gallows-tree, gallows-tree ...
Yes, I climbed the gallows-tree, gallows-tree ...
Oh, I climbed the gallows-tree,
Where I'll soon be swingin' free
For all the folks to see —
Damn their eyes!

I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd ...
I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd ...
I saw Molly in the crowd
An' I shouted right out loud:
"Hey, Molly! Ain't ye proud?
— Damn yer eyes!"

Let this be me partin' knell, partin' knell ...
Let this be me partin' knell, partin' knell ...
Let this be me partin' knell:
"I'll see ye all in hell!
An' I hopes ye sizzle well —
Damn yer eyes!"

* * *



SUZANNE

Suzanne was a dollie with plenty of class;
She knocked the guys dead when she wiggled her ...
Eyes at the fellas, as girls sometimes do,
To make it quite plain that she wanted to ...
Take in a movie or go for a walk
With any young man with a sizeable ...
Roll of big bills and a pretty good front;
And if he talked sweet why she'd show him her ...
Little white puppy whose name was "Herr Fritz,"
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her ...
Lilly white hands; and then, moving so quick,
She'd reach right on over and tickle his ...
Chin, while she'd show him a trick that she picked up in France;
Then she'd tell him to hurry and take off his ...
Coat; while she sang him a song of the Mandalay shore,
For whatever she was, sweet Suzanne was no bore!

* * *



I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

(CHORUS AND INTRODUCTION)

I used to work in Chicago,
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago;
I did but I don't anymore...

(VERSES)

A lady came in for a salad, one day;
I asked her what kind she's like.
"Ceaser," she said, and that's what I did —
I did but I don't anymore!

(CHORUS)

A lady came in for a girdle, one day;
I asked her what kind she's like.
"Rubber," she said, and that's what I did —
I did but I don't anymore!

(CHORUS)

A lady came in for a dress, one day;
I asked her what kind she'd like.
"Jumper," she said, and that's what I did —
I did but I don't anymore!

(CHORUS)

A lady came in for a cake, one day;
I asked her what kind she'd like.
"Layer," she said, and that's what I did —
I did but I don't anymore!

* * *

CIGAREETS AND SAKE

(CHORUS AND INTRODUCTION)

Cigareets and sake and wild, wild Josans —
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and sake and wild, wild Josans —
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Now, once I was happy; I had a dear wife;
I had enough yen for the rest of my life.
I met with a Josan; we went on a spree —
She started me smokin' and drinkin' sake.

(CHORUS)

I got into bed then, some sleep for to get.
She said, "No sleep, Flyboy — I no tired yet."
Well, I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten.
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.

(CHORUS)

Now I'm back in Chitose, an' I'm limping about.
Me and the doctor are sweating it out.
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then poured out a dozen or two for himself.

(CHORUS)

* * *



LADIES WEAR



CLIPPER SHIP

As I set sail one evening,
Upon a night's career,
I spied a pretty clipper ship
And to her I did steer.
I ran up all my sig-a-nels,
Which she did quickly view;
And when she saw my armament,
She immediately hove to...

(CHORUS)

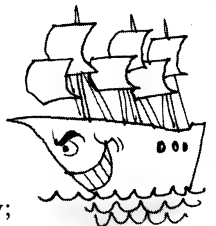
She had a sharp and roving eye-eye-eye,
And her hair done up in ring-a-lets.
She was a nice girl, a lovely girl,
But — one o' the rakish kind!

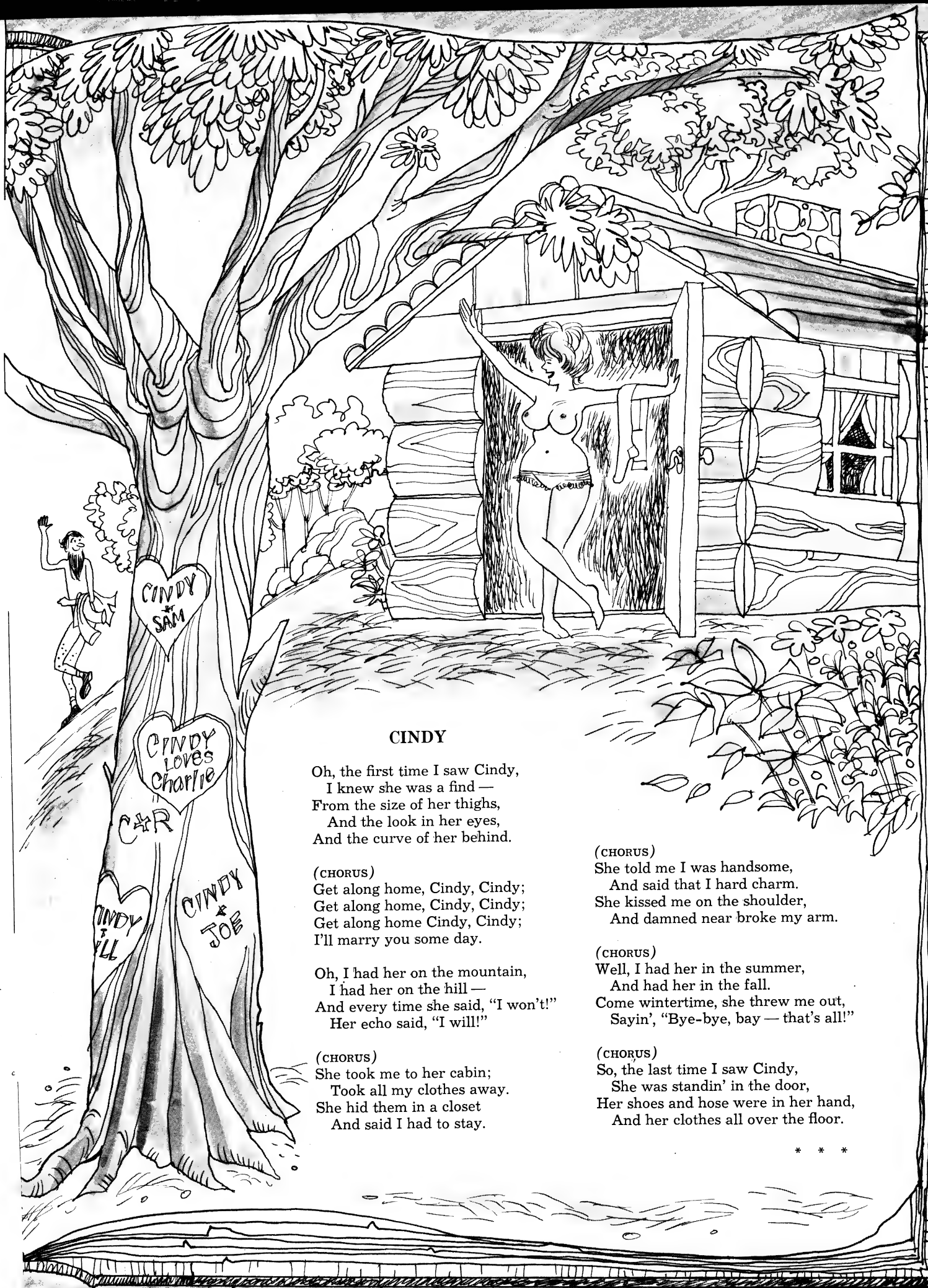
I took her for some fish 'n' chips;
I treated her to wine.
Ah, little did I realize
She was the rakish kind.
I handled her; I dandled her,
And found to my surprise
She was nothin' but a pirate craft
Rigged up in a disguise...

(CHORUS)

So, Listen all ye sailor men
Who sail the wint'ry sea,
Beware o' pretty clipper ships —
One was the ruin o' me.
Beware o' them; steer clear o' them;
They'll stove yer bottom through.
They'll wreck yer helm, and spring yer mast,
And shear your hawsers, too...

* * *





CINDY

Oh, the first time I saw Cindy,
I knew she was a find —
From the size of her thighs,
And the look in her eyes,
And the curve of her behind.

(CHORUS)
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;
Get along home Cindy, Cindy;
I'll marry you some day.

Oh, I had her on the mountain,
I had her on the hill —
And every time she said, "I won't!"
Her echo said, "I will!"

(CHORUS)
She took me to her cabin;
Took all my clothes away.
She hid them in a closet
And said I had to stay.

(CHORUS)
She told me I was handsome,
And said that I had charm.
She kissed me on the shoulder,
And damned near broke my arm.

(CHORUS)
Well, I had her in the summer,
And had her in the fall.
Come wintertime, she threw me out,
Sayin', "Bye-bye, bay — that's all!"

(CHORUS)
So, the last time I saw Cindy,
She was standin' in the door,
Her shoes and hose were in her hand,
And her clothes all over the floor.

* * *



GUANTANAMO BAY

At Guantanamo Bay, we're confined to our quarters;
We're scratching and sweating; we're waiting for orders;
We're watching the harbors; we're counting the wrecks;
And we're wondering which we'll be shipping on next.

At Guantanamo Bay — call her Gitmo for short —
Not much of a base, much less of a port.
One look at the docks, and you know that you're seein',
The Goddamnedest hole in the whole Caribbean.

So hurrah for Old Gitmo on Cuba's fair shore;
The home of the cockroach, the flea and the whore.
We'll sing her fair praises and pray for the day
We'll get the hell out of Guantanamo Bay.

Here you pay twenty cents for a bottle of beer;
They call it Hatuey, and it tastes mighty queer.
There's an Indian chief on the label to show
The Indian sign makes you go, go, go, go.

Guantanamo City has hundreds of doors,
And each one's jammed up with hundreds of whores.
They hang from the windows with stark naked chests
And knock out your brains with low hanging breasts.

Well, the boys in my outfit are workin' a plan.
We're savin' each nickel and dollar we can,
And we'll buy T.N.T., and one sunny day
We'll blow up this Goddamned Guantanamo Bay.

WINNIPEG WHORE

My first trip up the Chip-pe-way River,
My first trip to Canadian shore —
There I met a young Miss O'Flanagan,
Com-mon-ly known as the Win-ni-peg Whore,
Com-mon-ly known as the Win-ni-peg Whore.

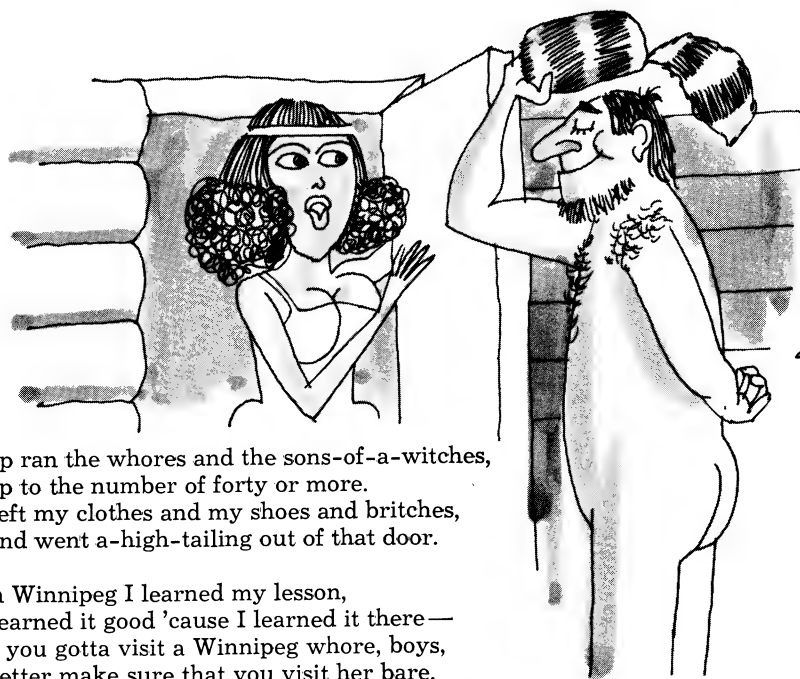
"Well," says she to me, "I think I know you,
Let me sit upon your knee.
How's about a little loving?
A dollar and a half is the usual fee."

Took her arm and she led me quickly
To the place that she used for sleep —
Dirty old room with a straw-filled mattress.
Wasn't too clean, but it sure was cheap.

She was as slick as the slippery ellum;
I didn't know what she was about,
Till I missed my watch and wallet.
"Holy Moses!" I cried out.

Up ran the whores and the sons-of-a-witches,
Up to the number of forty or more.
Left my clothes and my shoes and britches,
And went a-high-tailing out of that door.

In Winnipeg I learned my lesson,
Learned it good 'cause I learned it there —
If you gotta visit a Winnipeg whore, boys,
Better make sure that you visit her bare.



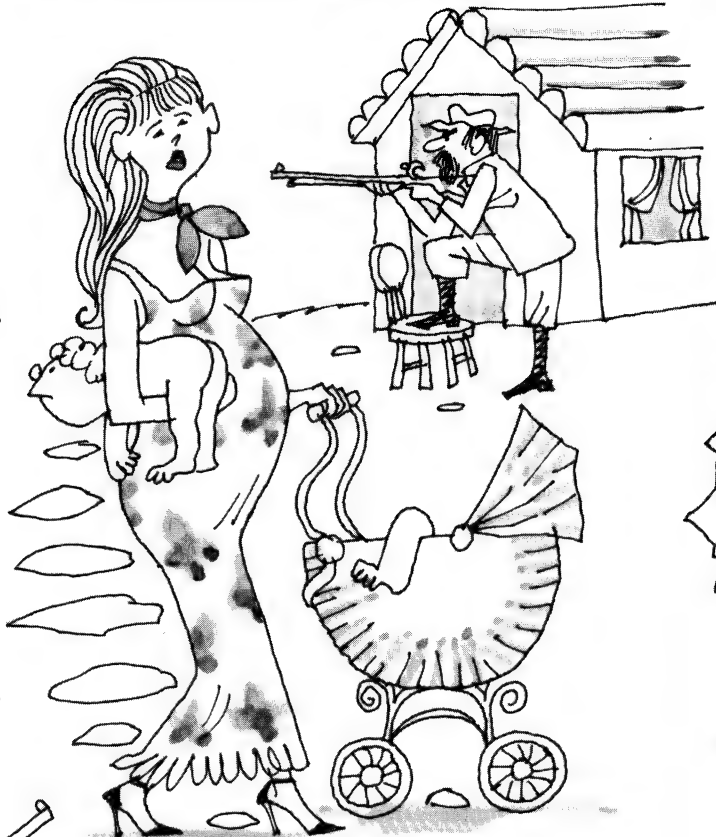
AROUND HER NECK

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a soldier who was far far away —
Far away, far away, far away, far way,
She wore it for a soldier who was far far away.

Around her waist she wore a yellow girdle,
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a soldier who was far far away,
Far away, far away, far away, far away,
She wore it for a soldier who was far far away.

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun,
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you asked him why the hell he kept it.
He kept it for a soldier who was far far away,
Far away, far away, far away, far away,
He kept it for a soldier who was far far away.

Around the block she wheeled a baby carriage,
She wheeled it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And if you asked her why the hell she wheeled it,
She wheeled it for a soldier who was far far away,
Far away, far away, far away, far away,
She wheeled it for a soldier who was far far away.



THE TEXAS BOYS

Come along girls and listen to my noise.
Don't you go acourtin' of the Texas boys.
If you do, your fortune, it'll be,
Nothin' in the cupboard and a baby on your knee.

When they come acourtin', they bring along a chair.
Askin' little questions like, "Your daddy kill a bear?"
Sitin' in the corner lookin' so polite.
All they're a thinkin' of is waitin' 'til it's night.

The next thing they say when they set down.
Madam, your johnny cake is bakin' mighty brown.
When you lift the pan for to take it off the stove.
That's when their hands are startin' to rove.

They take you out on a jet black hill.
They lay you there against your will.
Love you on the mountain and leave you on the plains.
That is the way with the Tex-i-ans.

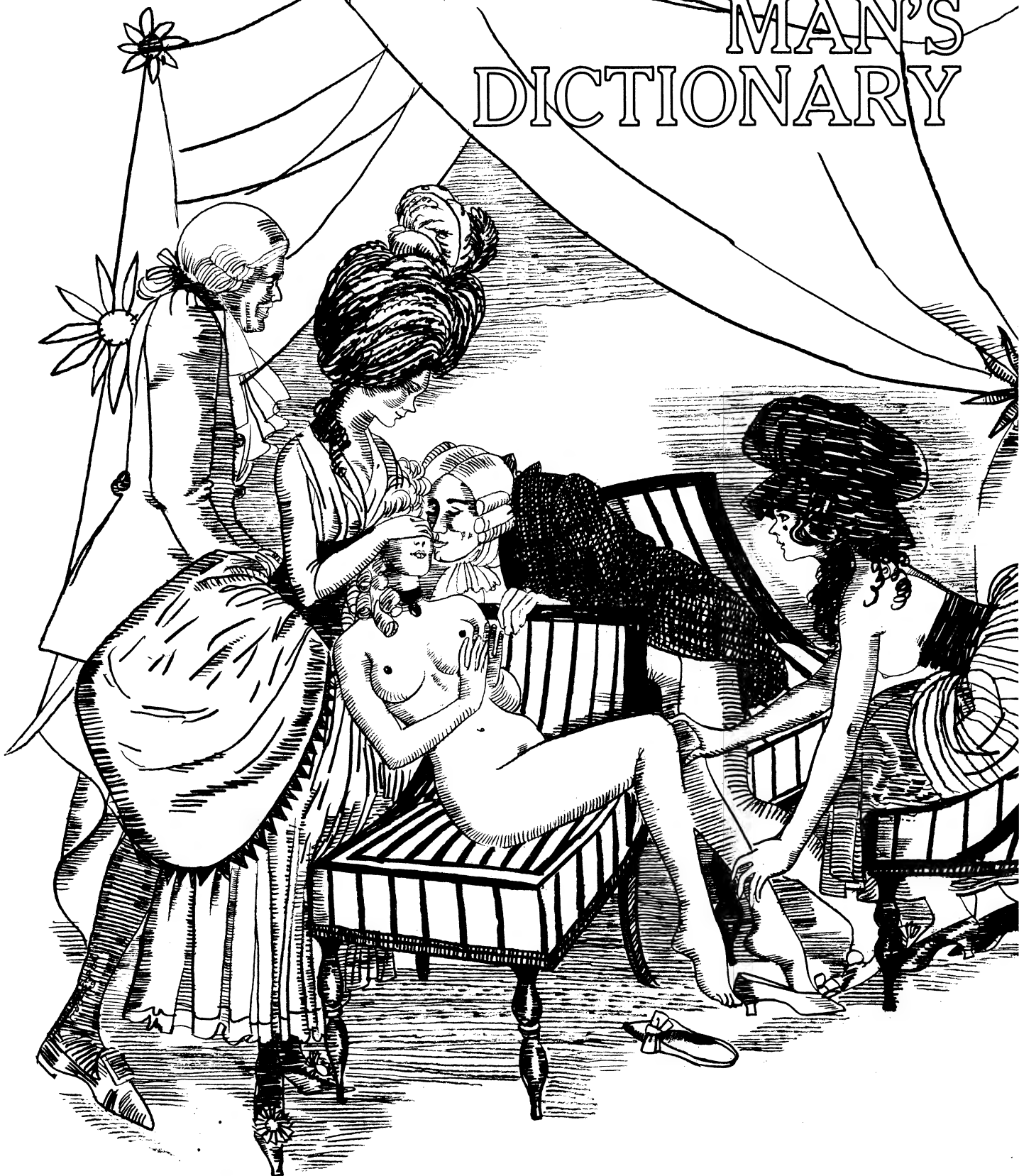
When they go to meetin', the clothes that they wear.
Is an old grey coat, all ragged and bare.
A Stetson hat, more rim than crown,
And a pair of dirty sox that smell the year around.


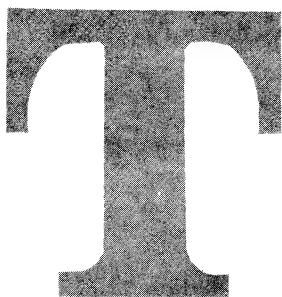
When they come to marry you and take ya into bed.
There's boards for a mattress and shingles fer your head.
Bangin' every hour til your back is gettin bust.
Guess they're afraid their gonna rust.

When they're a courtin' you, they tell you they're in love.
Huggin' and a squeezin' and a callin' turtle dove.
But after you're married, no such thing.
Get up and get my breakfast, you good for nothing thing.



THE DIRTY OLD MAN'S DICTIONARY





HERE APPEARED in London in 1785 a scholarly book that has come to be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions to the English language. The book was entitled *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* and dealt with the speech of eighteenth-century England's common folk. We bring this to your attention to prove a point, and that is: Many words in common usage in the eighteenth century cannot be printed in 1964 because to do so would be courting a jail sentence!

For example, a perfectly logical word describing a most functional part of the female anatomy is banned in the America of the space age. The word, which would cause this book to be banned from the newsstands if we used it, comes from the *konnos* of the Greek, and the *cunnus* of the Latin dictionaries. Its literal meaning, in both Greek and Latin, is wedged-shaped. From about 1600 until the beginning of the twentieth-century, the word frequently appeared in print and was accepted in polite company — but not anymore!

Another word, which means to copulate, was once a word in good standing and one that appears frequently in the words of Robert Burns. In fact the word was once the polite term for what it describes and *jape* was the vulgar term. In a dictionary the word would appear between the words *fuchsin* and *fucoid*. Nowadays the word appears frequently in novels, but the twentieth-century novels in which it first appeared were banned and damned, primarily because *that word* was stricken from the text.

The connotation of a word occasionally changes over the years. Up until World War II, the word *bitch* was the most offensive appellation that could be given to a woman in this country, even more provoking than calling her a whore or a slut. Nowadays many women consider it something of an honor to be considered a bitch.

Dirty old man is a fairly new phrase in American slang. In England, where the phrase originated, it referred to a lecher of the worst kind; an old man who might do anything to sneak a feel on the side; one that went around pinching young girls in that part of the anatomy than men find most pinchable.

But once Americans got hold of the phrase, it took on a new meaning. A dirty old man of America's hip generation is nothing more than what grandma referred to as a "rounder" or a "rogue." And nowadays any man, young or old, trying to score with the opposite sex is a "dirty old man."

How can you identify one? Easy. Anytime you hear a man say something like: "Pick up on that stone fox over there . . . she's something else." That is a dirty old man. Read on. You too can become one, or at least talk like one . . .

A

Adolescence. When a boy stops collecting stamps and starts playing post office.

Adoption. Parenthood without pain.

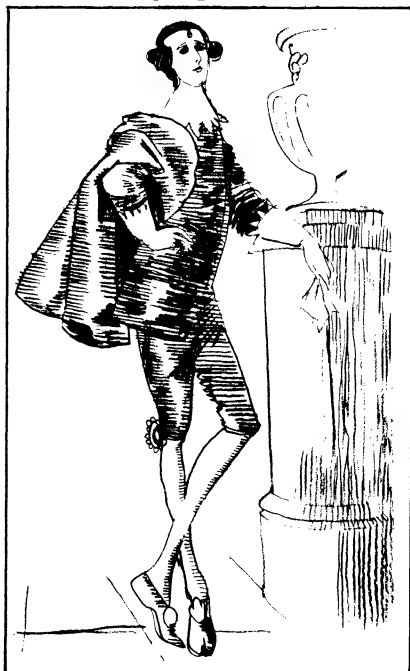
Adult. One who has committed adultery.



Adultery. Fishing without a permit.

Affection. Controlled fires of passion.

Agent. See pimp.



Aide De Camp. A male private secretary to a general.

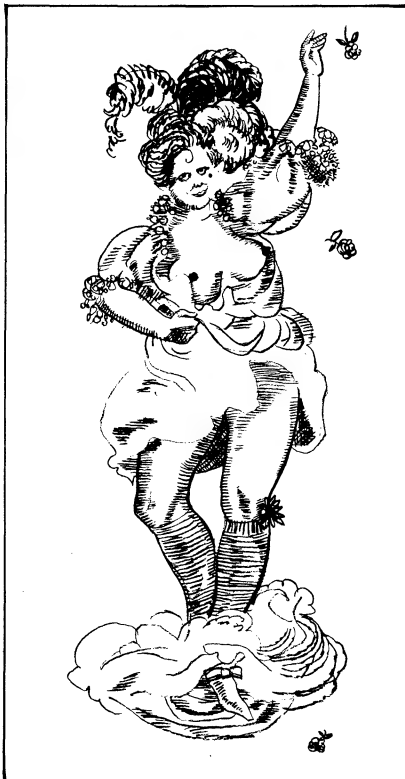
Alas. Early Victorian for "oh, hell."

Alcohol. Main ingredient of a cocktail.

Alimony. Paying for something you used to want with money you don't have. (2) Time payments for the fun you had.

American. A sort of queer Englishman. *Agatha Christie*

Artist. An exhibitionist.



Artiste. A foreign actress or a stripper.

Ass. The fellow who sends flowers to your best girlfriend.

Astronaut. A cloud-hopper.

Asylum. A place where genius is protected bodyguards. (2) In Hollywood, a movie studio.

Audience. People who escape boredom by paying to be bored.

Author. A person who can read and do imitations.

Awe. Jayne Mansfield viewed nude.

B

Babe. A dirty old man's plaything.

Baby. A pleasant idiot.

Bachelor. A man who is crazy to get married — and knows it.

(2) A man who comes to work each morning from a different direction. (3) Someone who comes and goes. (4) A man who believes in the happiness of pursuit. (5) In Hollywood and on employment applications: a flaming homosexual.

Bank. A place where you can borrow money providing you don't need it — and can prove it.

Bar. A vender of headaches.

Bastard. The result of sex and the single girl.

Bat. A mouse with wings.

Bigamist. A fellow who has all his troubles at once.

Bitch. A female dog or vice versa. (2) What our forefathers referred to as a *witch*.

Boss. The fella who's early when you're late and late when you're early.

Bottom. The end.

Boy. A male under twenty or over forty.

Brassiere. A boobie holder. (2) A gadget that makes mountains out of molehills.

Bull. A whoremaster.

Bulldike. A female whoremaster.

Bubbies. See diddeys.

Bust. What a lady dresses to reveal.

Buttock. A people cushion.

Bye Blow. A bastard.

C

California. A place where everyone wants to live but no one can afford to. (2) Greater Hollywood.

Camel. A greyhound designed by a committee.

Candidate. A person who stands for what he thinks the people will fall for.

Cannibal. A people eater.

Celebrity. An actor with a publicity agent.

Censor. A man who No's everything.

Chanteuse. An old French whore.

Chaperon. A dame who never

made the team but is still in there intercepting passes.

Chastity. A 42" redhead with a man running after her.

Chaste. She whom no one has asked.

Ovid

Child. A by-product of people.

Raymond Friday Locke

Children. Overdoing it.

Child Actor. What they use when they can't find a midget.

Chorine. A girl who gets her mink the same way the mink got his.

Civilization. Indoor toilets.

Club. A tavern for rich people.

Clyde. Not hip. A four-cornered square.

Cocktail Lounge. A half-lit room full of half-lit people.

Robert Q. Lewis

Confirmed Bachelor. One who believes in wine, women, and s'long.

Concubine. An Arab hooker.

Conscience. Something that hurts when everything else feels good.

Coquette. A loose virgin.

Coolie. A quickie in the snow.

Country. A place where uncooked animals and birds wander about.

Cravat. A \$12 necktie.



Crowd. Two women.

Turkish Proverb

D

Dachshund. A little half-a-dog high and a dog-and-a-half long.

Mary Ellen Herbert

Dancer. A professional spastic.

Death. The only known cure for insomnia.

Debark. To peel a tree.

Defendant. A man who has mislaid a chorus girl.

Delirium Tremens. The wages of gin.

Deluxe. Bad taste on a grand scale.

Desk. A waste basket with drawers.

The Wall Street Journal



Diddeys. A woman's breasts.

Dike. A woman who dresses in wolves clothing to make the sheep.

Dilly-Dally. To shilly-shally.

Distant Relatives. The good kind.

Divorce. The past tense of marriage.

Doorman. A genius who can open the door of your car with one hand, help you out with the other, and still have one left for the tip. *Dorothy Kilgallen*

E

Drive-In Theatre. A parking lot where they show old movies to young neckers.

Drunk. The future tense of drink.

Dust. Mud with the juice squeezed out of it.

Dwarf. A jockey with a long beard. *Jack Benny*

Ecstasy. Happiness with it's clothes off.

Eel. A snake that swims.

Egotist. A person of low taste.

Elbow. A wrinkled spot halfway up the arm. *Lilliam Procter*

Elephant. A square animal with a tail on two sides.

Engagement. A period of urge on the verge of a merge.

Epic. A motion picture with an intermission in the middle.

Eve. Madam ADAM.

F

Fad. What you must have today that will seem silly tomorrow.

Faggot. An Indian basket.

Falsie. Goodyear's improvement on nature.

Fanatic. A nut who hasn't discovered it yet.

Father. The kin you love to touch.

Feast. Dinner at someone else's house.

Female. A male with a fee.

Fetish. A personality trait once removed.

Fireship. A girl who has a venereal disease.

Flirt. A woman who believes that it's every man for herself.

Flood. A river too big for its bridges.

Floor. The only thing that will stop falling hair. (2) The ideal place to lay carpeting — among other things.

Flute. A Chinese queer.

Flow. What you stand on in a house. *Charlestonese*

Fox. A pretty girl. A Stone Fox is an extremely pretty girl.

G

Gadget. Something you desperately need until you buy it.

Genius. Some other woman's husband. *Cosmo Sardo*

Gentle. Odd.

Gentleman. A man who opens car doors for women — even old ones.

Ghoul. A maiden aunt.

Gigolo. A man who lives off the fat of the land.

Girl. A person who spends her first twenty years chasing men and the next sixty wondering why. *Elizabeth Kerr*

Girls. Members of any garden club.

Gloves. Shoes for hands.

Gold Digger. A human gimmie pig. (2) A girl who works a claim before she stakes it.

Gourmet. A glutton in a tuxedo.

Green Gown. To give a girl a green gown; tumble her in the grass.

Guillotine. The French cure for falling hair.

Guitar. A hillbilly harp.

H

Hack. A writer who is making a living at it.

Happiness. The state you were in last year.



Harp. An elegant guitar.

He-Man. In the movies, a man with a deep voice and saddle sores.

Hell. A place where you often wish other people would go.

Hep. Old, and now square, for hip.

Hero. One who is afraid to run away. *English Proverb*

Hick Town. A town where, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father, he is.

Hip. A swinger. One wise in the ways of the world.

History. Old gossip. (2) Lies that scholars have agreed upon.

Historical Novel. A book with a shapely wench on the jacket but no jacket on the wench. *Earl Wilson*

Hobby. A thing you go nuts over in order to keep you from going nuts over things in general.

Hollywood. The only asylum run by its inmates. (2) The white folks' Harlem. (3) A place where you can pick an orange off a tree and a tomato off the street. (4) An emotional Detroit. (*Lillian Gish*). **Beverly Hills** is a strange little rich town surrounded by Los Angeles.

Home. A place to go when all the bars have closed.

Home Cooking. The kind they do in drug stores.

Honest. A man who hasn't been caught yet.

Hooker. See prostitute.

Hors D'Oeuvre. A sandwich for a midget.

Horse. A four-legged animal that can run like hell until you bet \$2 he can.

Hostage. A lady who entertains visitors.

Hula. A series of bumps done sideways. *Sherry Britton*

Hump. Once a fashionable word for copulation.

Husband. A man who was chased by a woman until she catches him.

Hussy. Grandma's version of a bitch.

Hypochondriac. A fellow who can't leave well enough alone.

I

I.O.U. Paper wait.

Ice. What a girl will become like if you don't give her a piece of it to wear on her finger.

Icicle. A piece of stiff water.

Ideas. Instance madness.

Illegal. Most things you enjoy are.

Impotent. Heir-minded but not heir-conditioned.

Stewart Edward White

Incognito. A movie actor wearing dark glasses in order to attract attention.

Incompatibility. When the husband beats the wife—every time. (2) Two people who can no longer stomach each other.

Infidel. One who commits infidelity.

Insanity. Intelligence once removed. (2) To art what garlic is to a salad.

Insane Asylum. A bug bin; also a funny farm.

Integrity. Being good when no one will know one way or the other.

Intern. A baby doctor.

Intimacy. The first step toward parenthood.

Irritant. Your mother-in-law.

J

Jail. Room and board for the worst members of society paid for by the rest.

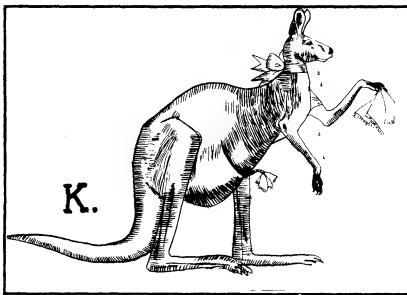
Jazz. An appeal to the emotions by an attack on the nerves. (2) Stuff and nonsense.

Jealousy. Lousy love. (2) A friendship between two women.

Jive. Much too hip. A phony.

Juvenile Delinquent. A kid watching his parents and doing imitations.

K



Kangaroo. A fat pogo stick with a pouch.

Kiss. The lip service of love. (2) A contact above that is often followed up by the same below. (3) Uptown shopping for downtown business.

Kissing Game. A Colonial version of Post Office that was a lot more fun. (Each time the blindfolded victim failed to guess who was kissing her she had to remove an article of clothing!)

Kleptomaniac. A rich thief.
Ambrose Bierce

L

Labor. The curse of the drinking class.

Lady. A woman who can tell a dirty joke and get away with it.

Lecher. In England, a dirty old man. (2) One who collects lechings.

Legends. Old lies.

Liar. A writer.

Liberty. Something you take with a lady while trying to change her social status.

Life. An experiment being conducted on one of the minor planets.

Limerick. A witty ditty.

Lingerie. Drawers with lace on them.

Lipstick. The tell of a kiss.

Lisp. To call a spade a thpade.

Los Angeles. Milwaukee with oranges and smog.

Love. A disease of the nymph glands. (2) An itch around the heart that you can't scratch. (3) Propaganda for propagation. (4) A temporary insanity curable by marriage. (5) The star that men look up to as they walk along

just before they fall into the hellhole of marriage. (6) Mutual misunderstanding. (7) A printable word for something else.

Harry Kaufman

Low Neckline. One that makes strange babies cry.

Lunch Counter. An eat-it-and-beat-it.

M

Maid. A girl who hasn't been asked to be.

Man. A monkey who has discovered deodorants. (2) A woman's best friend. (3) The second strongest sex in the world.

Philip Barry

A DIRTY OLD MAN is a man of indeterminate years who has lots of things he wants to spread around, including money.

Marriage. A love affair of which the police approve. (2) a fire-extinguisher. (3) The thing that makes loving legal.

Simone Signoret

Martyr. A self-made hero.

Masochist. A man who, when he was a little boy, enjoyed spankings.

Mason-Dixon Line. The boundary between you-all and youse.

Masses. The great unwashed.

Susan Weber

Matrimony. When a man pays a woman's board for her bed.

Men. What women most often marry.

Mermaid. A wet dream.

Metallurgits. A man who can look at a platinum blonde and tell whether she is a virgin or a common ore.

Middle Age. When a man with a lot of get up and go discovers it got up and went.

Mink. A woman's reward for rewarding behavior.

Misadventure. An adventure with a miss.

Mistress. Something that goes between a mister and a mattress.

Molecule. A girlish boy.

Molly. A sodomite.

Monotony. Having one wife at a time.

Monsieur. The difference between Madame and Mademoiselle.

Morals. Pulling down the window shade first.

Mother's Day. Nine months after father's night.

Mow. A Scottish word for copulation.

Murder. Retroactive birth control.

Music Lover. A man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a girl singing in the bathroom.

Myth. A grand-scale lie.

N

Nag. A female whose husband is a mule.

Naked. An ugly woman in the nude.

Negligee. A garment worn by women when they're ready to go to bed.

New York City. The capitol of Brooklyn.

Newlywed. A man who doesn't have to fix his own lunch.

Nice Girl. One who whispers sweet nothing-doings in your ear.

Night Club. An ash tray with music.

No. The feminine of yes.

Noose. The tie that binds.

Normal. Being no more eccentric than your neighbors.

North Africa. Texas with Arabs.

Nudism. Life in the raw.

Nudist. People who grin and bare it. (2) One who leaves no stern untuned.

O

O. K. Yes in two words.

Oaf. What grandpa called a fink.

Octopus. A fish designed by a committee.

Odd. Uneven.

Odor. The love one skunk has for another.

Ox. A cow that can't have babies.

P

Pajamas. Garments that newly-weds place beside the bed in case of fire.

Pal. An acquaintance whose name you can't remember.

Panties. Pants plus tease.

Papoose. Booby prize for taking a chance on an Indian blanket.

Parents. People who are against birth control.

Pass. An indication of intentions.

Pear. A banana with its girdle off.

Charlie McCarthy

Pedestrian. In California, a road hog.

Peek Freak. A window shopper.

Penthouse. A bad place for a good girl.

Perambulator. Yesterday's fun on wheels.

Petticoat. A nice girl's slip.

Petting. The study of anatomy in Braille.

Ava Gardner

Pick Up On. To notice. To take account of.

Picnic. Where people go to love and ants go to eat.

Pimp. A nookie bookie. (2) A public relations man for a private relations girl.

Pink Elephant. A beast of Bourbon.

Pioneer. A cowboy who could run faster than the Indians.

Plagiarism. The only "ism" in which Hollywood believes.

Dorothy Parker

Pleasure. The reward of anticipation and the threshold of disappointment.

Polygamy. A marriage system where a man has all his wives at the same time.

Pornography. Tomorrow's art.

Powder Room. A hoity toidy.

Practical Nurse. One that falls in love with a very rich, very old patient.

Prominence. Having the lowest license number in town.

Prophylactic. An ounce of prevention.

Proposition. A pregnant question



Prostitute. A busy body. (2) See whore.

Prude. A virtuous exhibitionist.

Prune. A plum that has seen better days.

Psychiatrist. A Freud egg. (2) A man who wants to know if infants have more fun in infancy than adults do in adultery.

Psychologist. A man who watches everyone else when a pretty girl enters a room.

Public. One immense ass.

Horace Greeley

Q

Queer. Unfamiliar, thank God.

Quickie. One you almost missed.

Quotation. A saying you stole someplace.

R

Radical. Anyone that believes other than what you believe.

Rape. Hit and run romance. (2) Seduction without a sales talk.

Red Light. An old fashion advertisement for an ever in fashion business.

Reformer. A guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottom boat.

Rendezvous. A dated date.

Revenge. Biting the dog that bit you.

Riot. A sale of women's clothing.

Rumba. Hip language.

S

Sables. The wages of sin.

Sadist. One who is kind to masochists.

Saloon. A cocktail lounge's daddy.

Salty. Lecherous.

Savoir Faire. The ability to smile when you catch your wife in bed with another man.

Scandal. Bad news about someone else.

Scratch Sheet. A road map to the poorhouse.

Jimmy Cannon

Secretary. A girl who can take down anything that might come up.

Seducer. A teacher who educates by demonstrating.

Sex. The formula by which one and one makes three. (2) The poor man's polo. *Clifford Odets.* (3) Something that everybody talks about doing more than they do.



Sexagenarian. One who no longer enjoys it.

Shag. To copulate: She's a bad shag.

Shaving. A man proving to a woman that he can do something she can't. (2) A man proving to a monkey that he can do something the monkey can't.

She. The objective of he.

Shotgun Wedding. A case of wife or death.

Shoulder Strap. A piece of string holding up a woman's modesty.

Sinister. One who sins.

Siren. A scream or a dream. (2) What a woman looks like before marriage and sounds like afterwards.

Arthur Murray
— turn to page

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DICTIONARY, from page 32

Skeleton. A Watusi dancer who went wild.

Skiing. A madness where one slides down a hill on two boards, slams into a tree, and lies in the snow waiting for first aid.

Smock. A garment under which a mistake is hidden for a while.

Snore. To sleep out loud.

Social. A cold girl after five cock-tails.

Sodomite. One who neither knows nor cares which side is up.

Somethin' Else. Indescribable.

Sordid. Lifelike.

Square. Anyone who isn't as smart as you are.

Stagger. The shortest distance between two pints.

Stallion. A very handsome and charming stud.

Streetwalker. She who strolls for profit.

Strip Poker. A card game where the stakes are strictly panty-ante.

Stud. A man kept by a woman for bed services.



T

Tail. Something that both dogs and women wag to attract attention.

Talk. Sounds that humans make that would be considered obscene in apes.

Tart. A cutie pie.

Tattoo. Bad art carried to an extreme.

Taxidermist. A man who stuffs his quail before he mounts it.

Television. Where all little movies go when they're bad.

Tender Love. A bedroom bout between two sunburned nudists.

Tongue. A woman's best weapon.

Too Much. An enlarged personality trait.

Twins. Wombmates.

Twist. A dance that would have gotten you burned at the stake three hundred years ago.

U

Uncorrupted. Unenticed.

Unmarried. Uncaught.

Unspeakable. A descriptive word used to give impact to what is about to be spoken.

Upper Berth. A little room that you have to climb up to to get into and climb down from to get out of.

Utah. An Indian tribe that lives in Colorado.

V

Vagabond. A sissy tramp.

Vaulting School. A bawdy house.

Venus. The goddess of love disarmed.

Vice. Sin that's fun.

Villian. One who has been led to believe that the world is his oyster.

Virgin. Unraped, unwrapped and unaxed.

Virtue. Won't power. (2) An ugly woman's prized possession.

W

Wallflower. An ugly virgin.

Wanton. Weight of a popular girl.

Water. Warm ice.

Weaving. Tying knots to cover nudes.

Wedding. A funeral where you smell your own flowers—and pay for the privilege. (2) A ceremony where rings are put on the finger of the woman and through the nose of the man.

Whoa! Brakes on horses.



Whore. A mistress on a piecework basis. (See hooker).

Wicked. Something that you enjoy that your neighbors disapprove of.

Wife. A woman who sticks by you through all the trouble you'd never had if you hadn't married her in the first place.

Wink. A whether signal.

Frank Nelson

Witch. Old term for a bitch.

Woman. God's afterthought. (2) Girls old enough to know better.

Work. The curse of the drinking class.

X

Xylophone. An instrument played by preschool children and others.

Y

Yacht. Seduction at sea.

Yesterday. The day you should have done what you plan to do tomorrow.

Youth. A wonderful time of life that is wasted on children.

Z

Zebra. A mule's other race.

Zipper. A mechanical fly.

The Ever Loving End.



■ INSTANT LAUGHTER most frequently comes packed in a box four by five in the corner of the page of your favorite magazine. With a scene and a single sentence, the cartoonist capsulizes a whole chain of events—past, present, and sometimes future.

While the cartoon can be a political or propaganda weapon, ADAM prefers its less deadly application . . . when it is used as a battleaxe in the war between the sexes. On the following pages, you'll find some of the finest cartoons ever to flick our funnybone.

Why? What makes a good cartoon? At the risk of falling into the same category as he who pulls the wings from butterflies to learn what makes them fly, we'd like to offer a few observations. There are several common denominators: The outlandish explanation for an obvious situation; an insight into someone's associations (the girl viewing salami in a butcher's window who is reminded of her boyfriend); puns, or the use of an expression common in one situation used in a completely ludicrous situation; truths demonstrated by exaggeration, such as the girl sitting at the bar with her skirt hiked up, and a big "Yes" imprinted on her thigh—all of these are roads to mirth for the cartoonist. In a more general sense, cartoons most frequently depict our fears (the husband discovering his wife's lover hiding in the closet), or suppressed desires (the lovely girl about to express her gratitude in body English). But the best cartoons take an incisive view of a common situation wherein the humor, the human comedy, has been overlooked. One of our all time favorites along this line, which you'll find in this collection, takes a laughing look at the bedtime signals worked out by husbands and wives for "yes" and "no."

But analysis be damned—a good cartoon is one which makes it impossible to keep a straight face. We've made our selection on that basis, and we believe you'll enjoy each of the cartoons on the succeeding pages as much as we did.



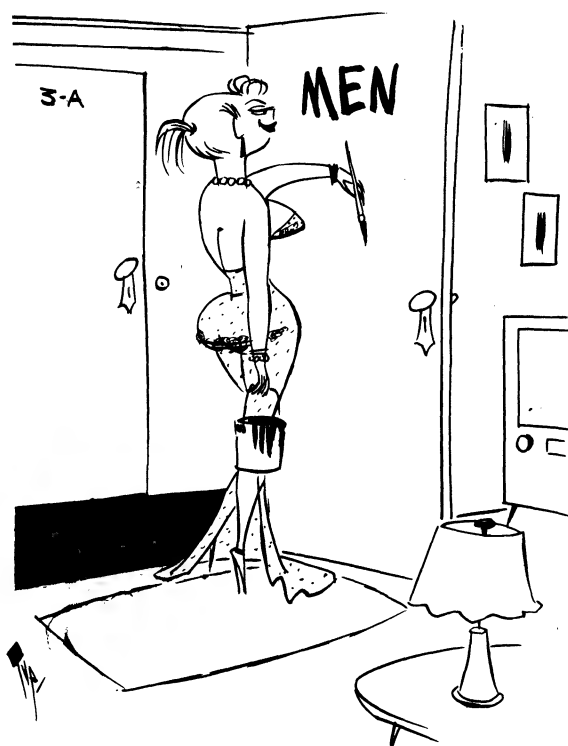
"Could I interest you in something in Early American?"



"She remembers me!"



"I don't care if it is a beach towel, don't you dare lay on it!"





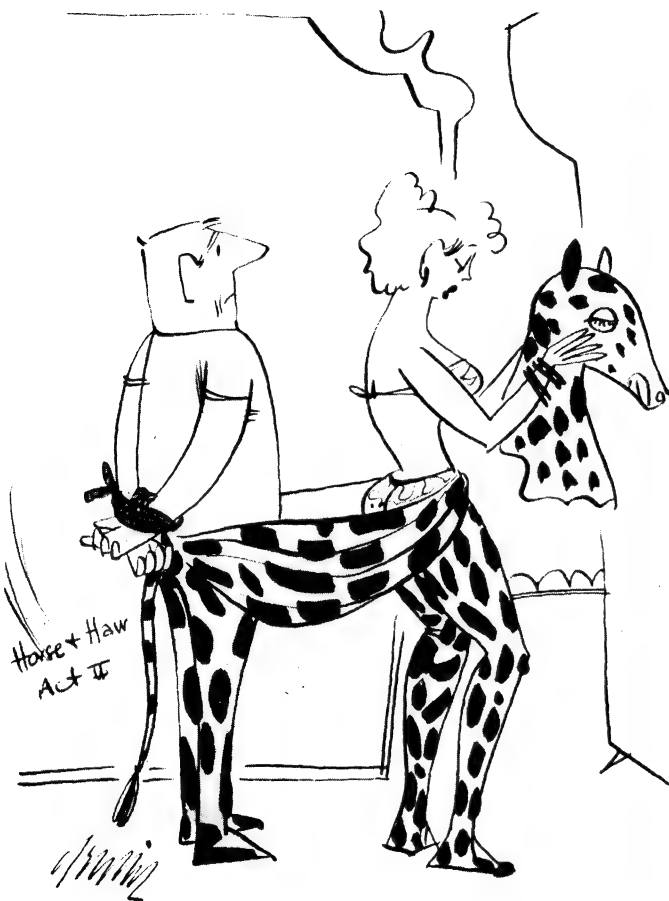
"She says she'll drop all the charges if you promise to reenact the crime."



"We feel that execution by suffocation is the most humane!"



"Say, you are a fast man with a buck!"





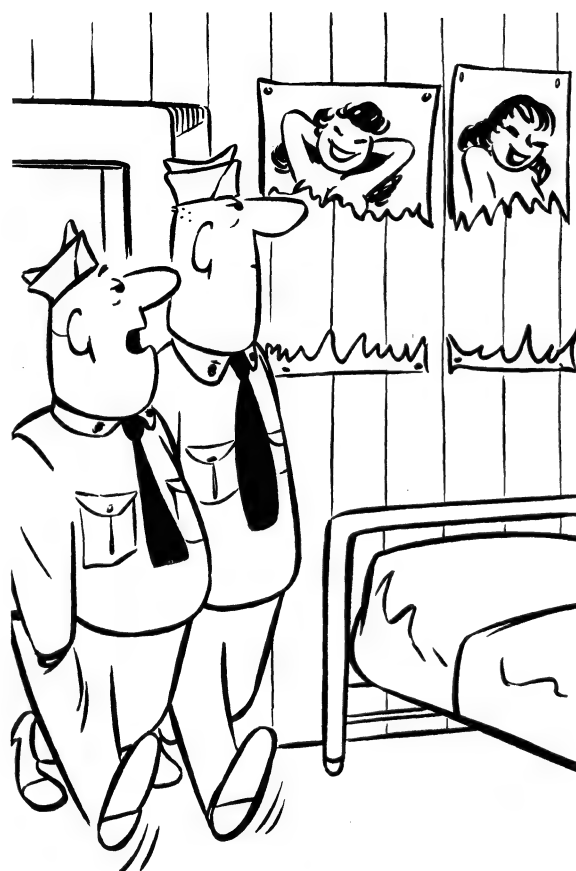
"She must be trying for 'Rookie-of-the-Year'!"



"Do you go down? ... Er, I mean ..."



"Mr. Diddlemyer, you devil ... you know it's not sanitary to put your hands in the punch!"



"Looks like the chaplain made another inspection tour of our barracks!"



"I hope you understand that I'm new at this sort of thing."



"But, darling, he's just a nudist that stopped to use the phone!"



"Heard you telling the boys that you're proposing to the girl friend Saturday night — want a letter of recommendation?"



"Now what kind of a ski instructor would I be if I didn't take care of my star pupil after such a nasty spill?"

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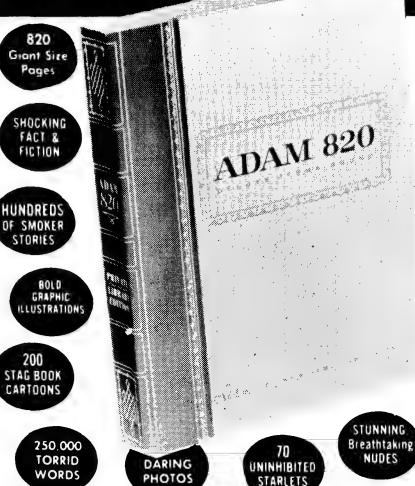
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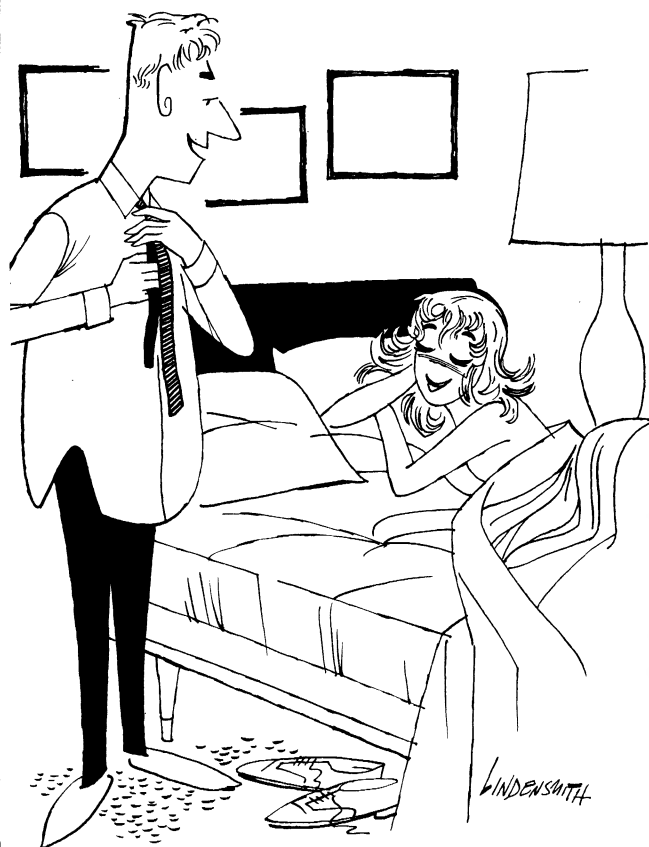




"Don't be such a little show-off for your boy friends and get your shoes off the sofa!"



"If you don't know what we're doing, lady, there'd be no use in explaining it to you!!"



"Now, wasn't that better than just sitting around holding hands?"



"Now that you've taught me the twist, Baby, let's find a nice quiet place and put it to some practical use."



"I hate drag races."



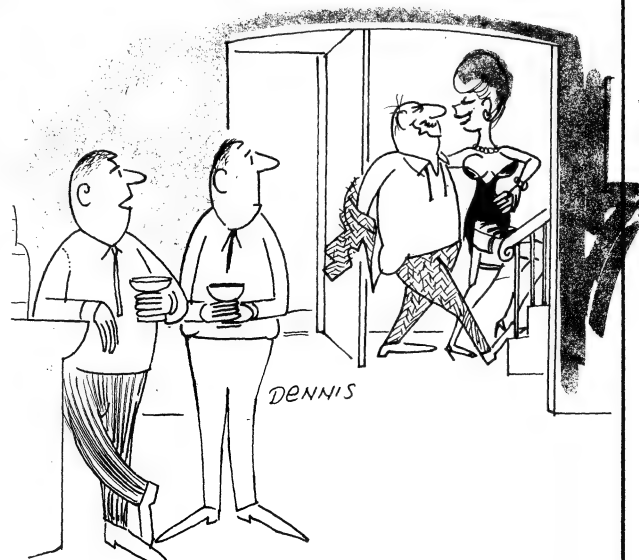
"Let's just keep it our little secret, George."



"It was a wild, but WONDERFUL, week-end!"



"What sort of rare bone do you have for me down here?"



"I promised Betty that marriage wouldn't interfere with her career."





"John — I demand to know how much you tipped her!"



"No. I'm not angry at you for bringing her here at this late hour in that condition. She's not my wife — she's yours!"

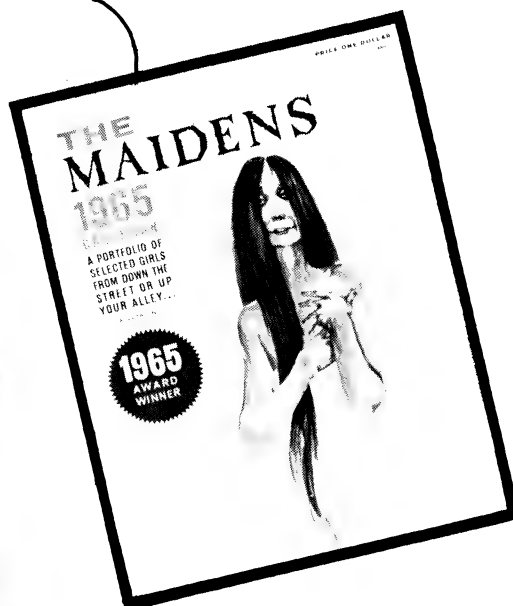


"It was a terribly expensive wedding, dear . . . mind if Daddy takes some pictures tonight to help pay for it?!!"



"College is a good thing — found out in my second year what I was best suited for."

Created as a gag, these battered and bedraggled "nudeniks" are well on the way to becoming a national fad



THE MAIDENS AND HOW THEY GREW

THE MAIDENS, also known as "nudeniks," came into being when artist La Thayne Peterson got the idea of drawing a few as an unusual present for a friend. The friend showed his unique gift around and the result was: "Where can I get some?" Soon there was a calendar in production. "Pete" is still shaking his head over the remarkable "snow-balling" of his gift. "It started out as fun," he said, "but now it has turned into labor."

Pete's artistry extends into many fields: fine art, illustration, package design and technical drawing. He studied at the famed Chouinard Institute, University of Southern California, and Bistram's Art School in Taos, New Mexico. His work has been displayed in group art shows in Texas and New Mexico and he is currently preparing 40 canvases for a one man show.

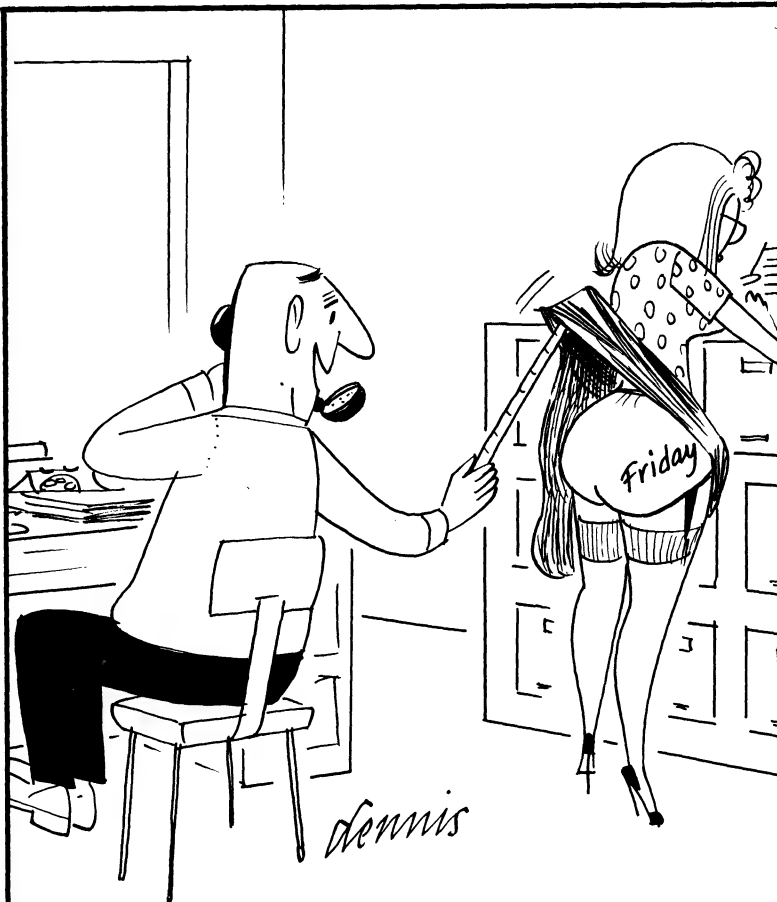
Born in Rexburg, Idaho (pop. 3,500), Pete moved to California at an early age. He's married and has two young daughters.

Much to his surprise, women find "nudeniks" amusing rather than insulting. One of the girls in our office made a typical remark: "My girl friends look like that without their clothes."

Pete comments, "I think women enjoy the nudeniks because they see there something of themselves. Most women, you know, even outstanding beauties, go through periods of depression wherein they visualize themselves in a manner quite similar to the nudeniks."

1965 Calendar published by "The Maidens," 8344 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 90069.





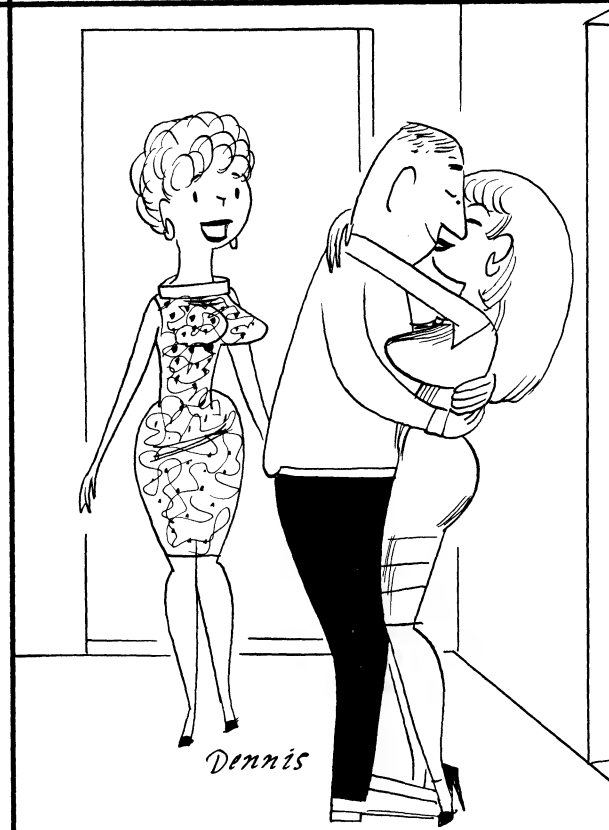
"... let me check, Sam — yes, today is Friday."



"Scuse me Honey, is this where the party is?
I fell out a window and can't find my way back!"



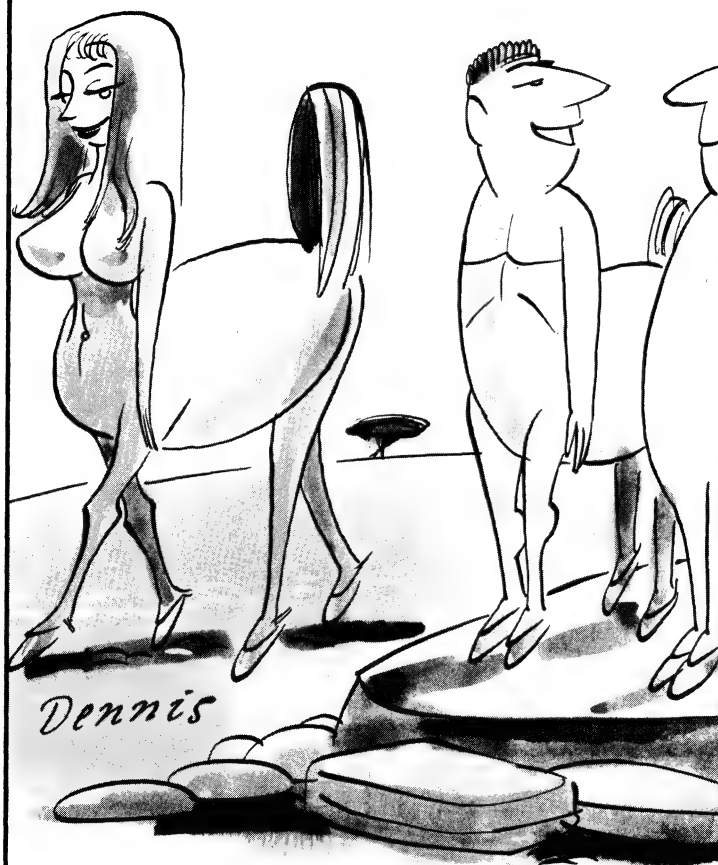
"Here's the way I always looked at it. Who do you
have the most fun with — good girls or bad girls?
Now then, where do all the bad girls go?"



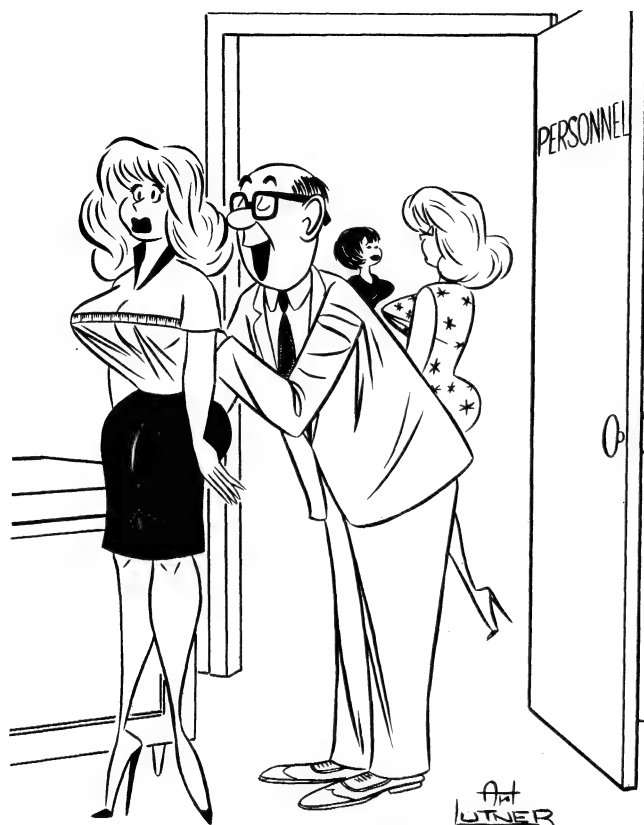
"Golly! How silly it was of me to think
that you wouldn't want my mother to live
with us after we were married."



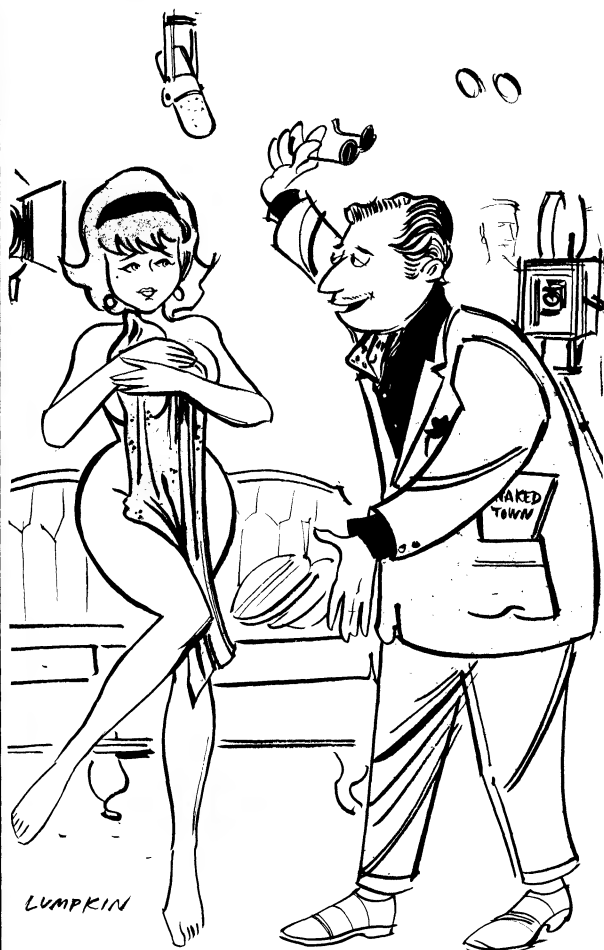
"That's funny — it wouldn't work at home."



"Man — can she buck!"



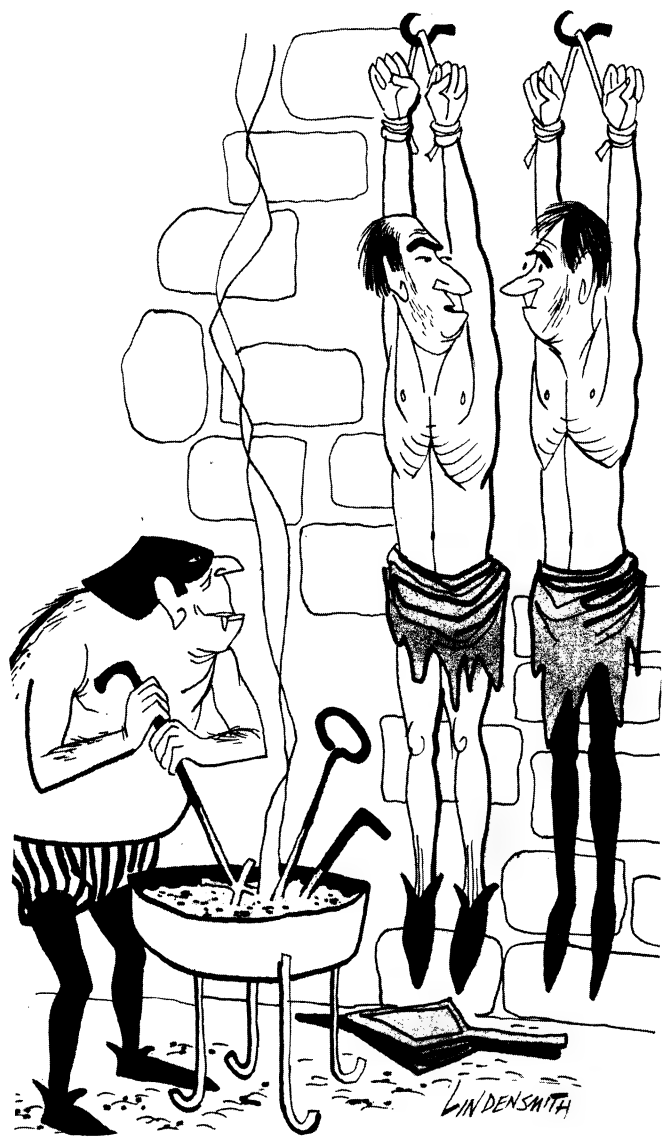
"This is one company, Miss, where we make it a policy never to hire anyone under forty."



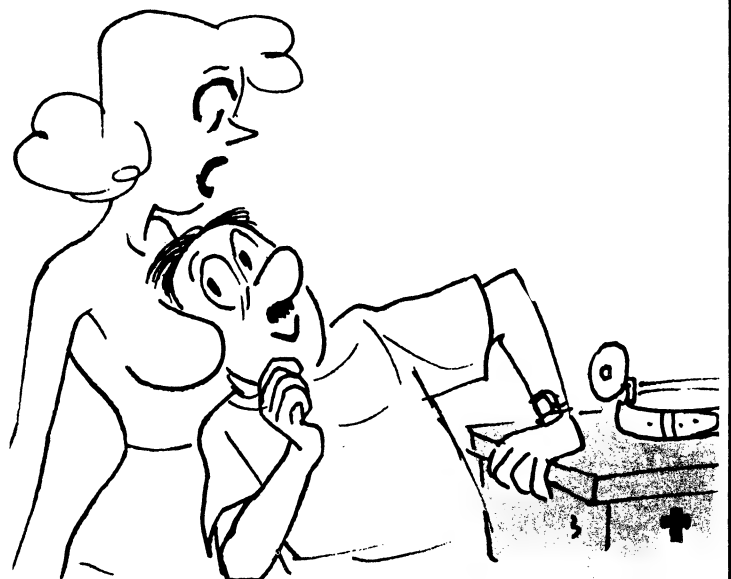
"What do you mean you won't drop the towel?
Don't you wanta win an Academy Award?"



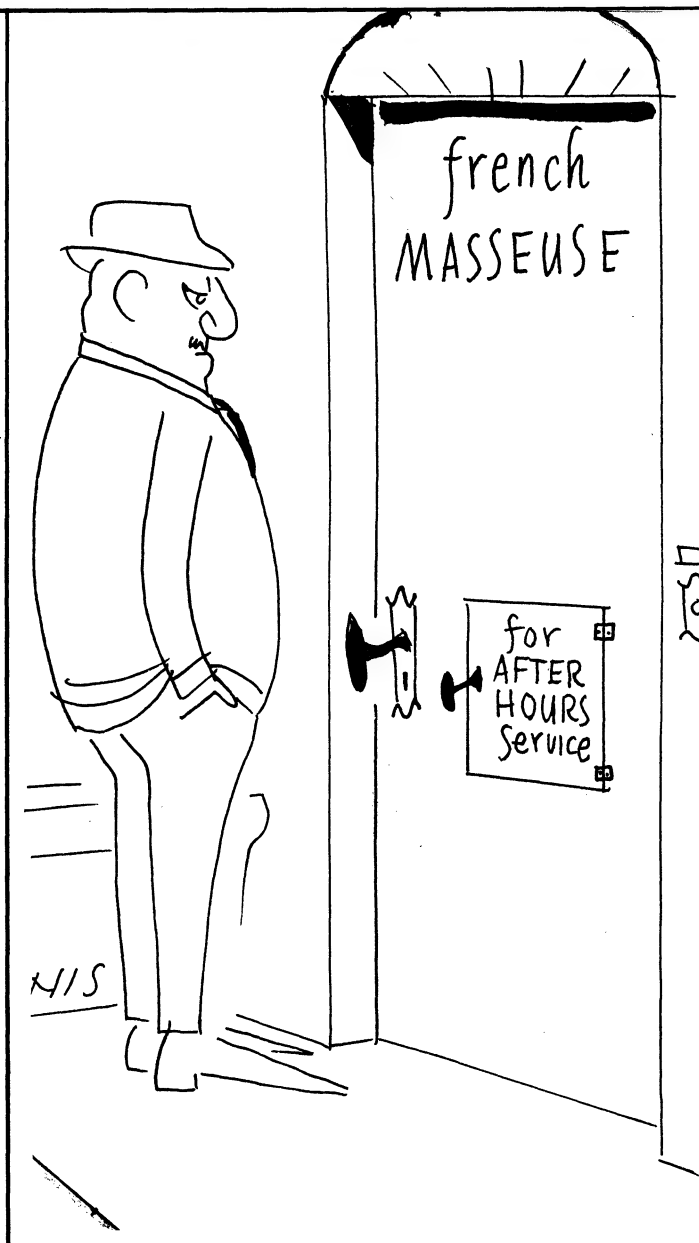
"You're the best little wife a guy ever had,
and that's not only my opinion. Your husband
has often told me the same thing."



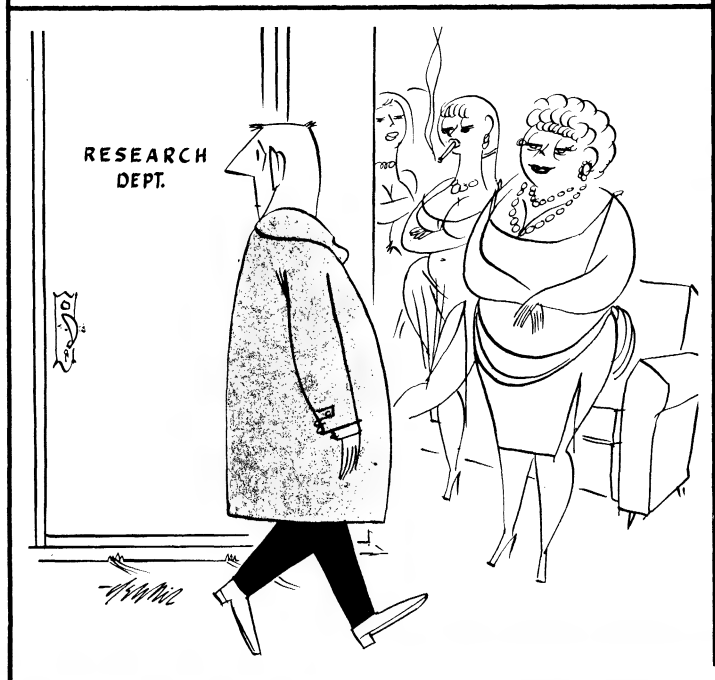
"Act nonchalant."



"Other doctors use a stethoscope!"



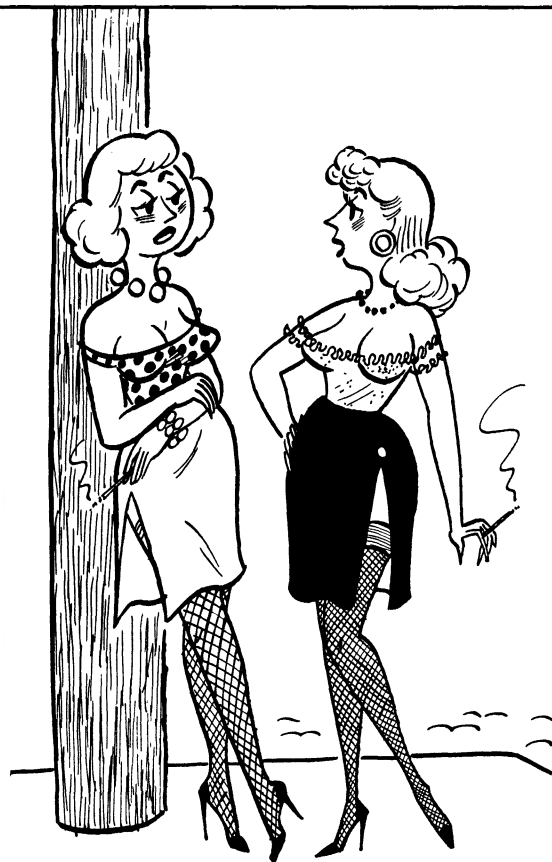
"You'd think a General would know how to pin on a medal!"



"I once took a thorn out of her foot."



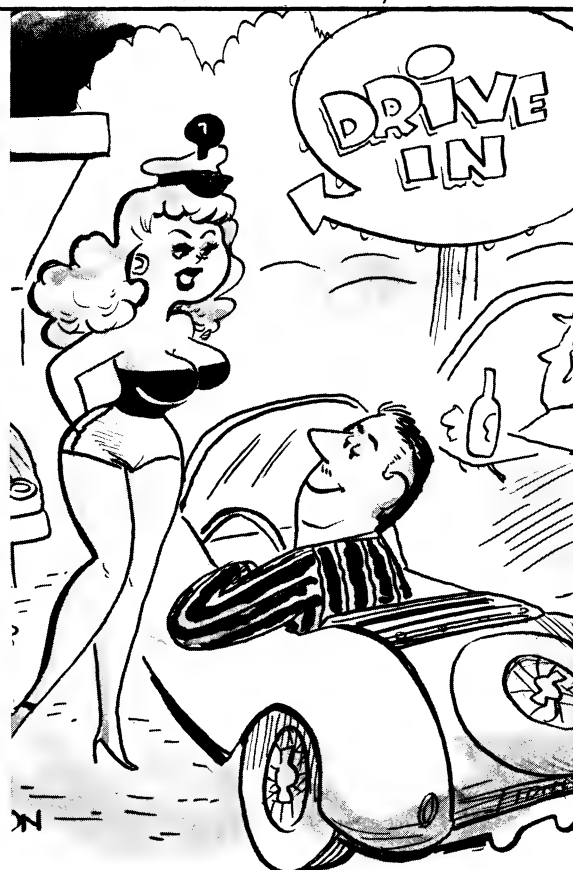
"She spends most of her time between here and New York—sort of a tail of two cities!"



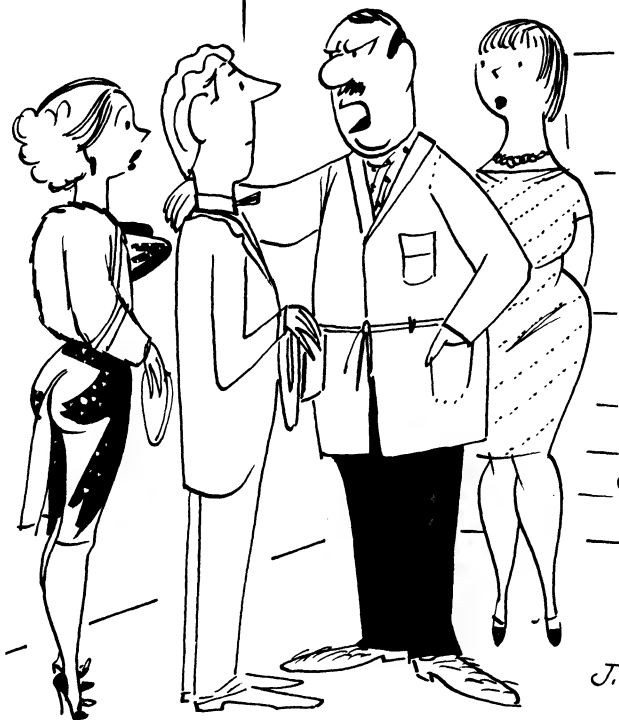
"Someday I'm going to get a job where I don't have to use my head."



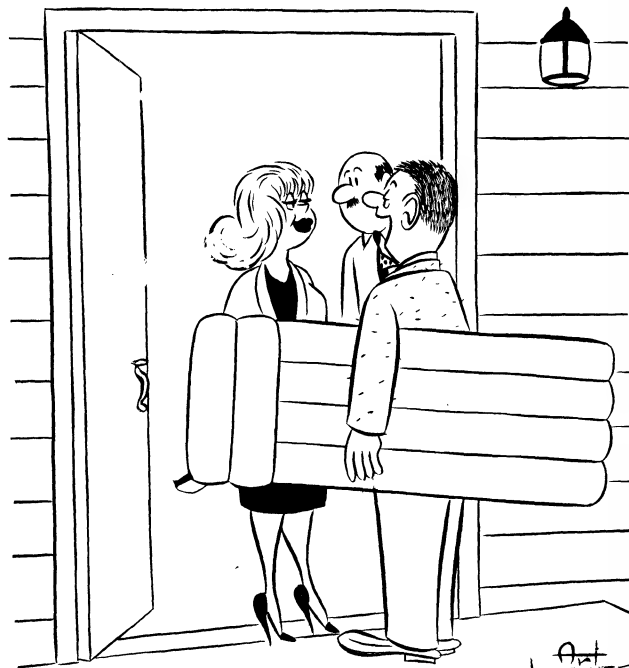
"It's ironic, isn't it . . . I made my living in this old hotel years ago . . . in a completely different way, of course!"



"And if you care to go as high as \$50, you can get the 'drive-in deluxe special' . . . that's me with a pickle in my navel."



"We're very strict with Betty. She must be home before midnight, don't throw beer cans on her bedroom floor, no smoking in bed for either of you, and no shoes on the bed."



"My dad wouldn't let me have the car tonight."



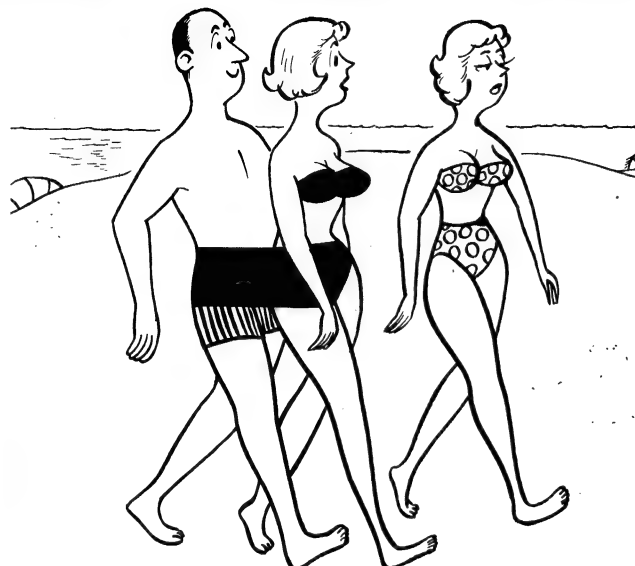
"That was when I figured out what he was up to, So I got out of bed and came home—"



"Mother Nature spent years developing that beautiful body of yours. Don't you think she intended for you to to put it to some practical use some day?"



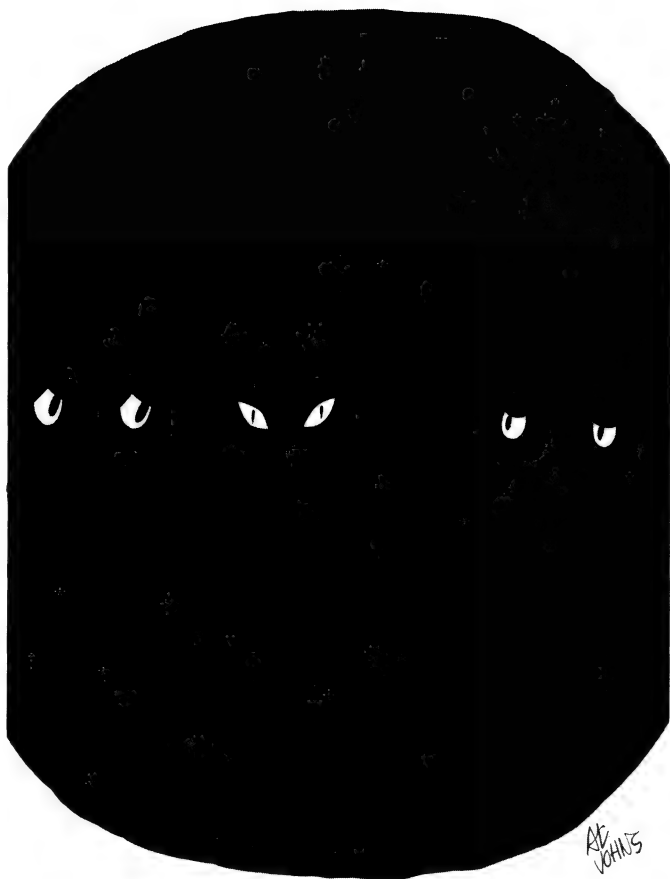
"I'll tell you what happened to me if you promise not to laugh."



"I have the strangest feeling that someone is following."



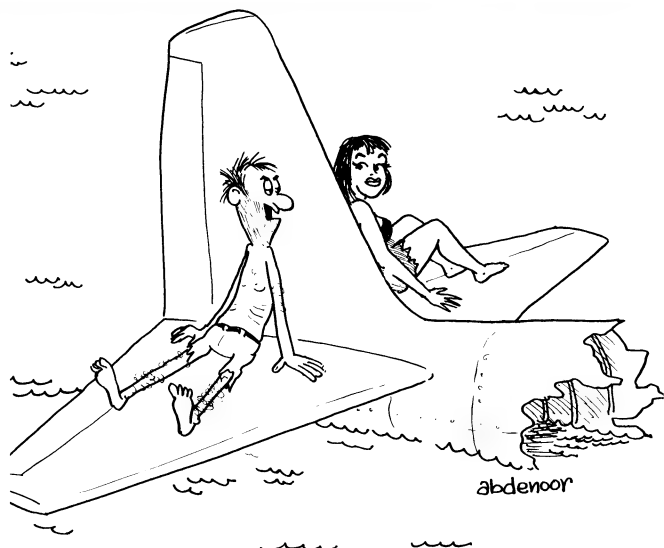
"This really feels good after a busy evening."



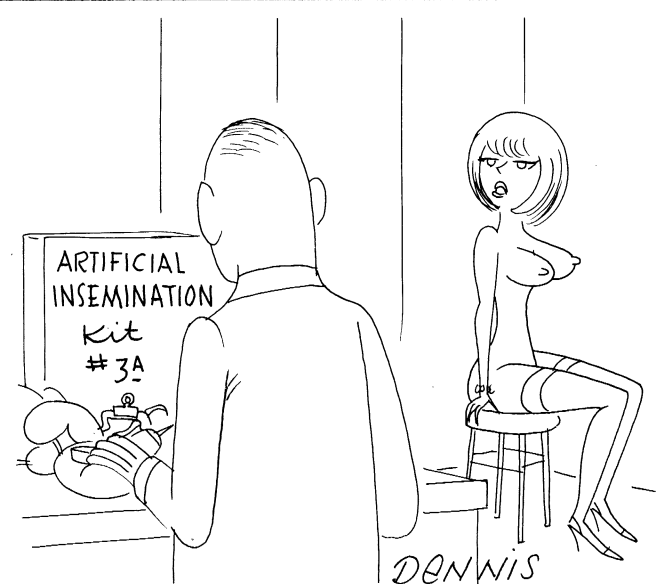
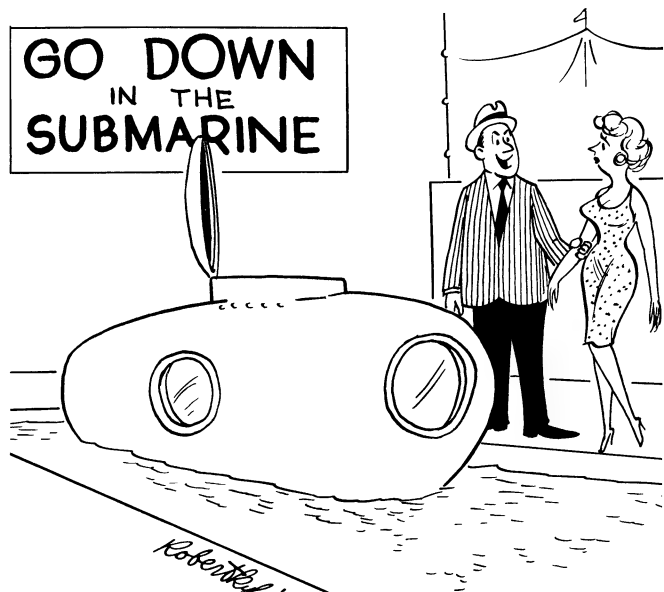
"I thought I told you to put the cat out!"



"Relax, Shortie . . . she's got a hip flask!"



"I'll tell you, I've had all the tail I want for awhile!"



"Stop those heart-rendering sobs, Doctor, and get on with it."



"I want a - - er . . . one of those."



"Now I know how you won your letter!"



"What in the hell is a BUNNY?!!!"



"Calvin, you sentimental doll!"



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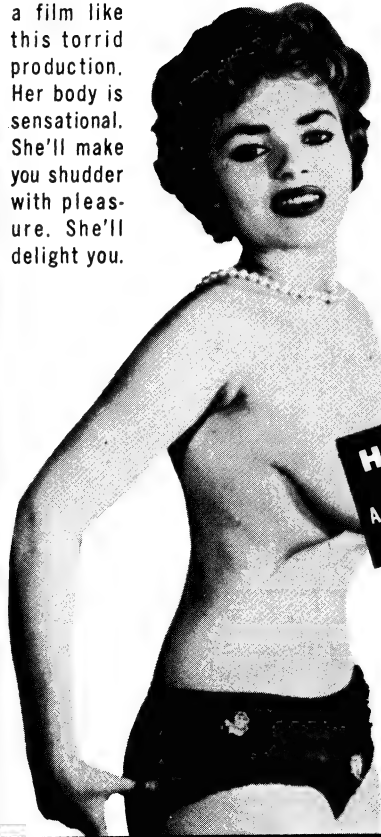
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"You're the third producer who has discovered me — when do I get to sign a contract?"



"Those are my standing rates but if you'd rather get a room . . ."



"Please, dear — put some clothes on — I don't want to be late for work."



"All right, you win! — I'll increase your clothing allowance!"

Here are some highlights of the current "Human Comedy" that would have delighted Balzac and Rabelais.

Trip-Around-The World Photo Album

Human nature being what it is, changeable as the weather, and quite kaleidoscopic in its many textures, nuances, it is fascinating subject for any scrutiny. In photos, then, we present a series of eye glimpses of some of the more offbeat human touches. Come along, then, on a way out wander-through of the wacky, wonderful world!





FEAST AT THE FOLIES

Femmes are a feast for the eyes during the feast from the Egyptian segment of the Folies Bergere Revue *Folies en Fetes*. The title of all Folies revues always number 13 letters for good luck. We don't see how it can fail!



LADY IN A SNAKE FIT

Mrs. Dot "Kismet" Toxler is fitted with a long coiling python, which she uses in her act in a Johannesburg night club. Shapely "Kismet" and her reptile partner perform an Egyptian Snake Dance. Some say it's quite "charming."



PLAYING "FOOTSIE"

Edith Conty, 23, of Denmark puts her "foot-o-graph" on a contract. This pliant girl is signed for a Rome nightclub. She's an acrobat.



STRAPLESS TAN

The solution for getting an even suntan was pulled off by brainy Rosemaire Fowler of Palisades Park, N.Y. with balloons on bra.



THE LITTLE "EGYPT"

Little Lorraine Egypt (center), famed exotic dancer, instructs some of her customers in the art of shimmying at New York's Roundtable Restaurant. She claims that she is a direct descendant of original Little Egypt who appeared at New York's World Fair in year 1893.



MAE WEST MEETS HERCULES

Actress Mae West, who "always had a good eye for me" chose Reg Lewis as "Mr. Hercules" in a contest held at the Bert Goodrich gym in Hollywood. Lewis, "Mr. Universe of 1958," was selected as the man who most closely resembled the famed strong man of Greek mythology.



HIGH KICKING PARISIENNE AT MOULIN ROUGE

The famous Moulin Rouge in Paris, beloved of Toulouse-Lautrec, reopened with the same high kicks that were the style in the artist's day. Here, Jeanne Vincent, one of the stars of the revue "*Frou-Frou*" dances with snowman during *Vierge du Feu* (Virgin of the Fire) number in the show.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SARDELLI?

When Jayne Mansfield returned from Mexico after "divorcing" Mickey Hargitay, Nelson Sardelli kissed her foot. Jayne's back with Mickey—and Nelson hasn't foot to stand on.



THAT'S A CROC!

Lizard-lover Captain John Edwards submits to a display of affection from "Charlie" an alligator who hails from Mississippi. Edwards, who lives in England says reptiles make fine friends and pets.



WHEN BANNERS WAVE...

This imaginative young student, collecting funds for charity, attracted attention by hoisting bra and panties on a pole. The traffic in Rome isn't easy to stop either. But this lass did it, easy.



SIREN IN A SQUEEZE

Shapely Dominique Boschero waits patiently as two lucky lads from a movie studio's costume department help her squeeze into her mermaid's tail. The tale: *Mad Sea*.



MERMAID WITH AN UMBRELLA

Wearing only a tail, long, black tresses, and holding a parasol, Dominique stands for the still cameraman by the sea. Film is being shot in Sicily, near Messina...



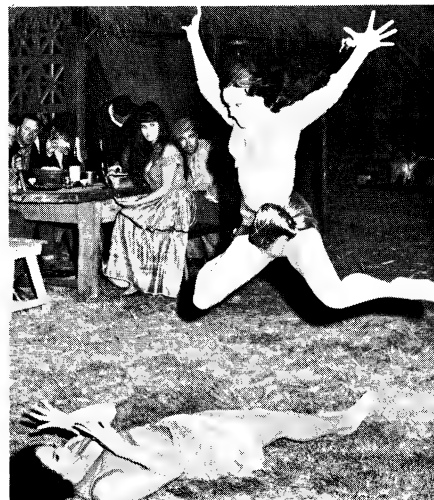
"IN YOUR (WET) EASTER BONNET..."

Wackily, it happened at Weeki Wachee, Florida, when Bonnie Georgiadis forgot to remove her bonnet before she dunked herself. "Whoops," she seems to say.



HOW'D YOU LIKE A BELT?

Clad in a black fox fur head piece and huge black leather belts, Actress Barbara Carter goes through a strip tease dance in a Paramount film, *A New Kind Of Love*.



BELLES OF THE BRAWL

Ian Fleming's latest James Bond bash *From Russia With Love* has these two lovelies, Aliza Gur (leaping) and Martine Beswick tangling in a gypsy "duel to the death."



HERS FOR A SONG

Dominique Boschero, actress, wears two of the outfits designed for her by Rome fashion designer, Renato Balestra. She wears them in a singing TV commercial.



"THAT WAS NO LADY..."

Policewoman Caryl Collins puts lipstick on Patrolman John Hughes in New York. He was preparing to go out on the streets as a decoy in which police nab assaulters.



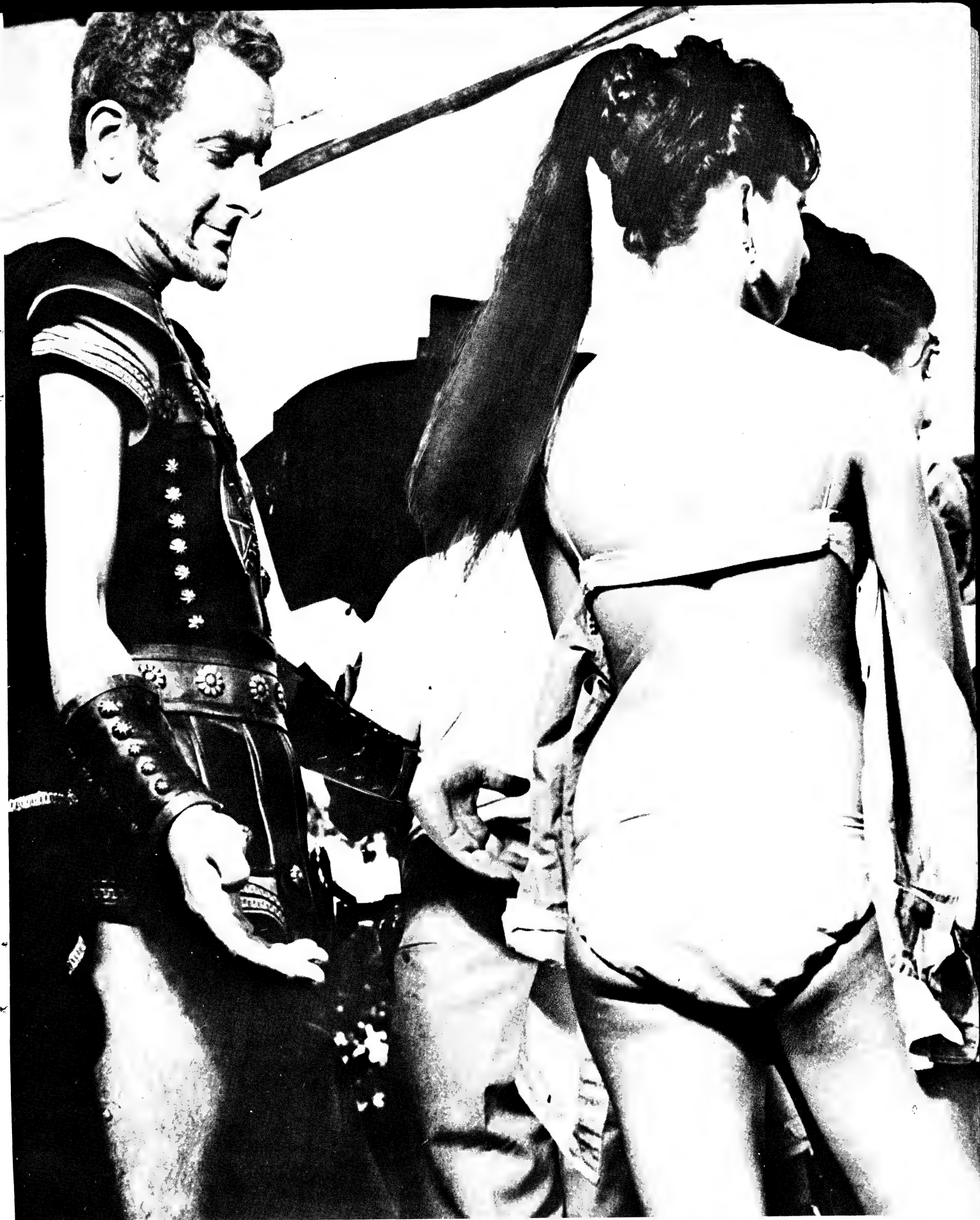
IN CLEOPATRIA'S COURT

"Giselle," one of the dancers at Paris' Moulin Rouge, struts across stage with plumes and spangles. In a sketch on Cleopatra she portrays a lady of court.



GRANDSTAND PLAY

An Italian *carabiniere* (policeman) holds hands with his girl despite "high level" duty. Actually the cops and his girl are film extras working in a movie in Italy.



STRICTLY AT A LOSS FOR WORDS...

Speechless with admiration, actor Riccardo Garrone makes his feelings known with an expressive gesture as he looks at a pretty miss during the filming of a new movie in Rome. Garrone has an important role in the movie, *Sappho, Venus of Lesbos*. The object of his wordless attentions plays one of the temple maidens in the film.



IT WAS A SWINGIN' AFFAIR...

Voluptuous Jeanne Vincent couldn't even count the house as she was swung about by her dancing partner in *Vierge de Feu* (Virgin of the Fire) number that helped open the new show at the Moulin Rouge in Paris last April. Maybe she should cut her hair?

AIN'T HE SWEET?

Former Greek sailor boy, now a female stripper, Melle Themis, below, shows "her" stuff in an Athenian nightery. Ah, the miracles of modern surgery!



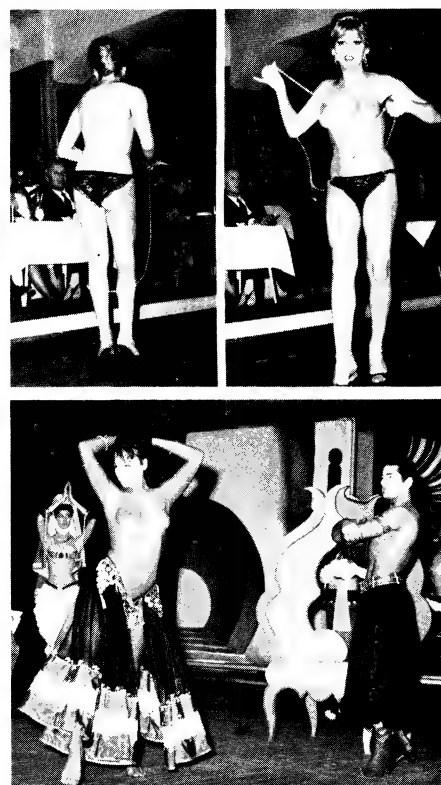
SOME LIKE 'EM TALL...

This young Frenchman is really going out on a limb as he studies a giant example of leg art in Paris. The large cutout is part of a movie advertisement, there...



A NAVEL ENGAGEMENT...

Sporting B.B. slacks, this brunette charmer smiles as painter Claude Lepaper paints a "unicorn's eye" on her naked belly. A club in St. Tropez was holding a contest.



ORIENTAL SPLENDOR IN PARIS

The full impact of this dance of the harem girls, is not lost on the man at right. The Oriental theme is in the revue *Follow Me* at the Lido.



APPEALING BANANA

"It looks good enough to eat," says Jo Bergman, on viewing this imitation banana at an artists' exhibition in London, recently.



WHAT A BREAK!

Caught between shows are three lovelies who add sparkle and glamour to the chorus line at Paris' famed Moulin Rouge club.



TANGLEFOOTS (FEET)

All tangled up, models Gillian Treen, (left) and Kathy Ward, demonstrate new stockings at a spring showing in England.



FOR WANT OF A NAIL...

Evidently an entire wardrobe was lost, or so it seems. Pert Yvonne Holden has the nail and the carpenter never had it so good. It's all in fun, but such scenes could cause a drastic revision in current labor laws if carpenters take a stand...

"No, Millie, the headband
just doesn't match I"

Real Old- Tyme French Postcards

Vive l'erotisme Francaise!
 Roughly translated, that means just exactly what you think it means: those French really knew how to do it! If you ever had a yen to know what Grandpa liked in the way of women, these genuine French Post Cards show you *exactly* what was on Grandpa's mind. Oddly enough, his tastes weren't too divergent from yours today! Yes, these are modern-day reproductions of genuine, original, French (unexpurgated, too!) Post Cards that Grandpa brought back with him when he went on that little visit to the notorious "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"—the same shots that were hawked by sidewalk vendors up and down the once infamous *Place Pigalle*. Now reproduced from the originals on heavyweight matte finish postcard stock (suitable for mailing if you dare), they're offered for sale by Elgin Products, P.O. Box 46524, Hollywood 46, California. If you think things were different when Grandma was a girl, better take another look at these French Post Cards. We think you'll get the picture, *non messieurs?* *Voila*, then, and away we go!

"So when Mama said
 turn the other cheek . . ."



Look what Grandpa brought back from Paris . . . genuine original, French Post Cards! Come along with Adam's Stag Humor party on the boat back to Place Pigalle!

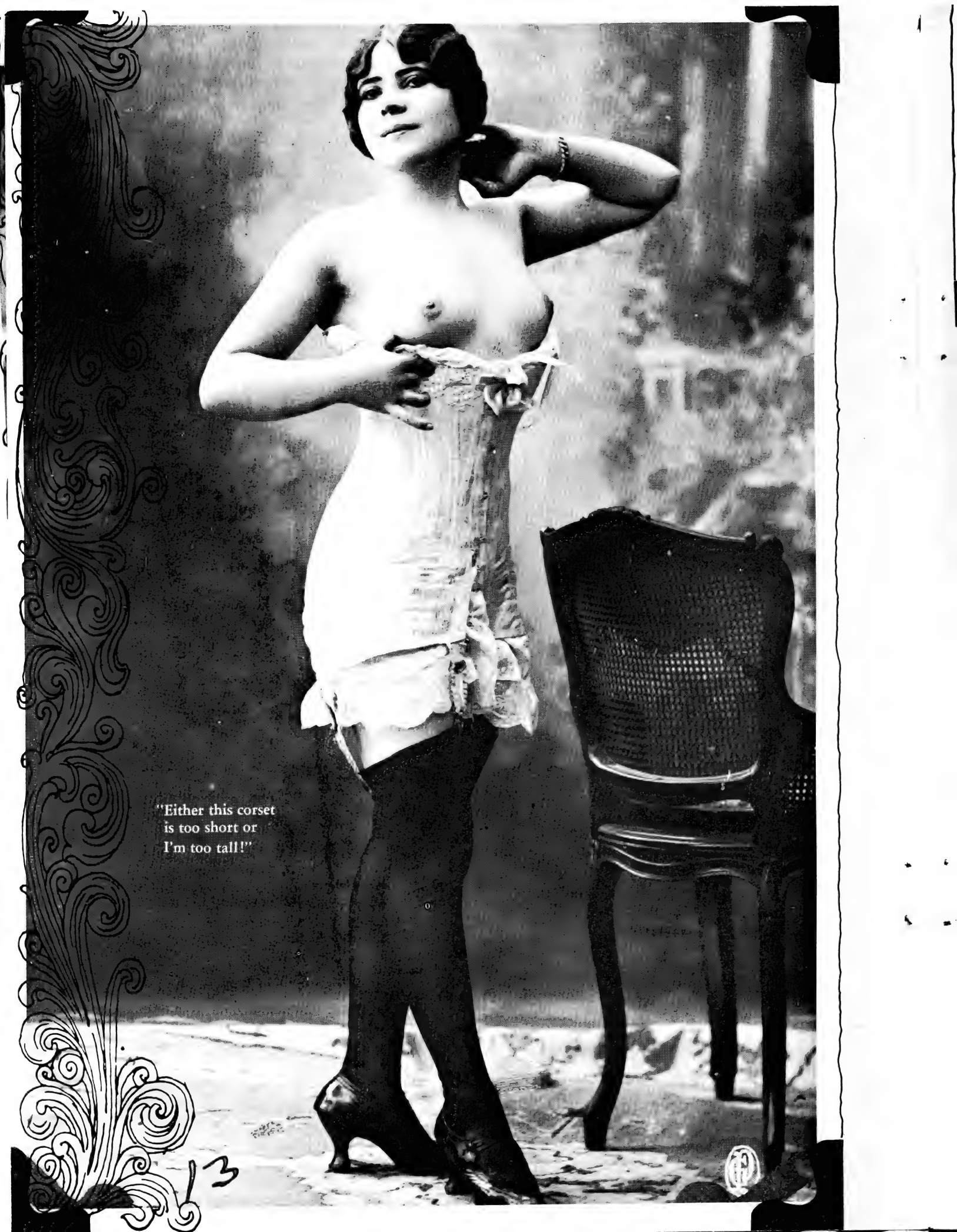


"No, you come sit in *my* chair . . ."



Oooh la la! Now we know why Grandpa has that twinkle in his eyes when he talks about Paree! Look at the swinging souvenirs he brought back!





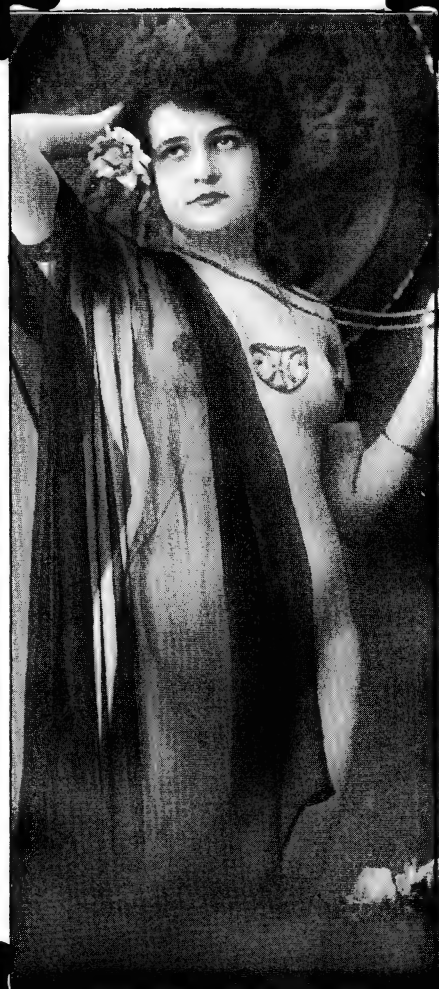
"Either this corset
is too short or
I'm too tall!"





They may not seem like glamour pictures now, but in their day, they were considered quite naughty! These are those famous "feelthy pictures" once sold sub rosa!





The funny thing about these old French
Post Cards, is that hardly anyone ever
mailed them!
They were far too valuable to send away!



"And over there is Mt. Palomar Observatory!"



"Let me be frank, you be earnest..."





SILVER WEDDING NIGHT

On the eve of their 25th anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Abuthnot tripped off to Bermuda to relive their honeymoon. Their friends back home awaited their return with interest, but Mr. Arbuthnot was so obviously depressed that a buddy took him aside and asked how come the second honeymoon made him so sad.

"It started off just great," said Mr. Arbuthnot. "We got the same suite in the same hotel. But there was one big difference — this time I was the one who locked himself in the bathroom and wept."

* * *

ADDLED ICEMAN

And speaking of icemen, Dowling was shaking his head only the other day over the absentmindedness of his cold-stuff delivery man. "It happened this morning," he explained. "Martha was feeling punk, so I stayed home to take care of her. I heard the iceman out back and, not being dressed, grabbed Martha's robe and wrapped it around me to let him in. And what do you think that screwball did? He flung his arms around me and kissed me. Can you imagine anybody so absent-minded? His wife must have the same robe mine does, and the idiot thought he was home!"

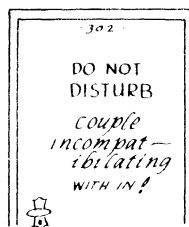
* * *

SPECTACULAR

The bishop and his lady were honored guests at the ladies' college commencement services. But the dresses of the graduating class were all cut so very low that each girl exposed her bosom as she bowed after accepting her diploma. "Honestly, Henry," gasped the bishop's lady, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," he replied solemnly. "At least not since I was weaned."

* * *



FIRST, CATCH YOUR ...

Said Wife Number One to Wife Number Two, who was complaining of her marital problems, "If you and John don't get along, why don't you sue him for incompatibility."

"I intend to," replied Wife Number Two vehemently, "the very first moment I catch him at it."

* * *

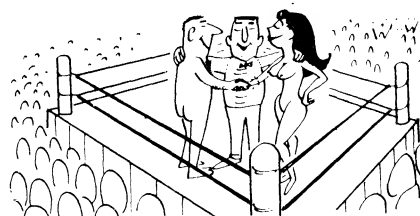
HARD TO REACH

"You know that boyfriend of mine," exclaimed the beautiful young model to her girlfriend. "Last night I told him we were through."

"What did he do?" asked the other.

"That's what makes me so mad," said the first, "All he did was put his head under the covers."

* * *



POUR LE SPORT

The visiting Frenchman, while in Los Angeles, was taken by his hosts to see one of the famous strip-clubs in that burgeoning metropolis. Noting his lack of reaction, when it was over, one of his hosts inquired, "Well, Gaston, how did you like it?"

With a typical Gallic shrug, the Frenchman replied, "*Comme-ci, comme-ca* — after all, in France, we don't consider sex a spectator sport."

* * *

HE REMEMBERS MAMA

In a club car heading east out of Chicago, a couple of Englishmen started talking to an American.

"I say, have you ever been to England?" asked the younger Englishman.

"I'll say," said the American. "I spent two of the wildest years of my life there."

"What did he say?" asked the older Englishman.

"He said he's been to London, father."

Later the young man asked, "Did you by any chance meet a Hazel Wimbeldon in London?"

"Hot Pants Hazel!" the American exclaimed. "I'll say! I shacked up with that broad for three months before I left for the States."

"What did he say," asked the older man.

"He said he knew mother," answered the young Englishman.

* * *

NOT SO TENSE

One drunk, noticing a girl, said to another drunk at the bar, "Isn't that Hortense?"

"She looks relaxed to me," said the other.

* * *



BIG FOUR

According to bawdy Audrey, the four kinds of men women like best are the iceman, who says, "Now that it's here, where shall I put it?"—the TV installation man who says, "Now that it's in, how do you like it?"—the insurance salesman who warns, "Better take it out before it's too late,"—and the dental surgeon, who says, "Now that it's out it didn't hurt much, did it?"

* * *

THAT'S WHEN WE GOT OFF

Last Monday, we got on a new jet for San Francisco, settled back and listened to the voice that came over the ship's intercom: "This jet is entirely automatic—automatic pilot, automatic food servers, automatic radar. Enjoy your ride in perfect safety. Nothing can go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . ."

* * *

SHE KNOWS THE LANGUAGE

Judy was telling her friend at the next desk all about her European vacation. ". . . So in Paris," she said, "I met this masseur—"

"You mean, *monsieur*," her friend cut in. "A masseur is a guy who rubs you and pats you all over."

". . . So like I said, I met this masseur . . ."

* * *



POOR AIM

Ever hear about the absent-minded professor who walked into the men's room, unbuttoned his vest, and pulled out his tie?

* * *

BETTER ADVERTISE!

"Sweetheart," cooed the lovely young thing as she rearranged the pillow beneath them, then snuggled closer into her lover's arms, "don't you think it's about time we got married?"

"You may be right," he said, yawning, "but who in hell would have us?"

* * *

ACUTIE

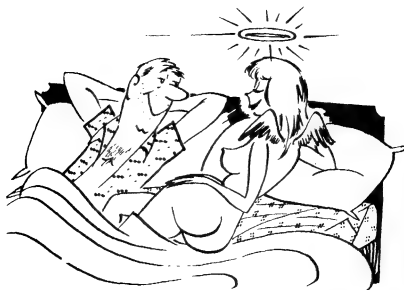
It was a state that requires by law a blood-test before marriage, and the very-much-in-love young couple visited a doctor's office to get the preliminaries taken care of. The doctor, after giving them the prescribed tests, then suggested they both take complete physical check-ups, and the swain-twain consented.

Three days later, when the youth called at the doctor's office to get the results, he said, "Everything okay, Doc?"

"I'm afraid," said the physician, "that your fiancée has acute angina."

"You're telling me!" exclaimed the youth. "So what's to be afraid of?"

* * *



HOW TRUE!

Harold had the perfect setup—a bachelor apartment with hot-and-cold everything, including females. Hence, he was somewhat disturbed one evening when the cuddlesome young creature he had enticed to this den of siniquity turned down first a cigaret, then a drink. Rising from the sofa and moving toward her wraps, he said sportingly, "well, I might as well be getting you home—unless, of course, you'd care to spend the night with me here."

"I'd like that very much," said the girl, to Harold's surprise and delight.

The next morning, he looked at her across the pillow-top with puzzled affection and said, "Last night, when I suggested you go home, I'd have laid a grand you weren't this sort of girl."

"Shucks!" she exclaimed demurely. "It's just what I've been explaining to my Sunday School class—you don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time!"

* * *

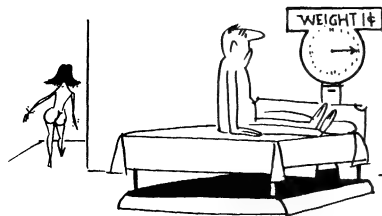
IMPOSSIBLE!

Some of his old bachelor crew were giving Jonesy a ribbing on the eve of his tenth wedding anniversary and no children. "What's wrong, Jonesy?" said one of the boys. "Is your wife inconceivable?"

"Perhaps she's just unbearable," offered another.

But Jonesy shook his head, his lips clamped tight. "No, fellows," he said, "she's merely inscrutable."

* * *



OVER-REDUCED

An overweight friend of ours lost 105 pounds last month—and he couldn't be more miserable. She was a beautiful redhead.

* * *

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Ike and Mike, two gentlemen in the clothing business, met on the sidewalk one noon and began discussing their personal problems:

"That boy of mine," moaned Ike. "He's no damn good. Every morning, he comes into the office and hangs around until the models get there. Then he's off with one of the girls and I don't see him for the rest of the day."

"You think *you* got troubles," said Mike. "My boy don't come in until closing time, and then he's off with one of the models and I don't see him all night!"

"What's so bad about that?" asked Ike. "At least you don't lose two employees."

"What's bad about it!" screamed Mike. "I happen to be in the *men's* clothing business"

* * *

YIPE!

The comely chick cooed into the telephone, "Yes, darling . . . No, of course I don't mind . . . Have yourself a good time."

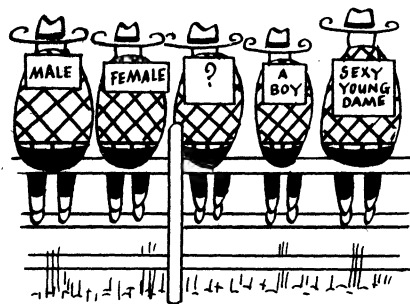
As she hung up, the man in bed with her said, "Who was that?"

"My husband," said the C.C.

"What did he want?"

"He just called to let me know he'd be home late tonight. It seems he's downtown playing poker with you and a bunch of the boys."

* * *



FOUL-OUT

The visiting Englishman was somewhat baffled by the habit the females at the dude ranch he was visiting had of wearing the same sort of clothes as the men.

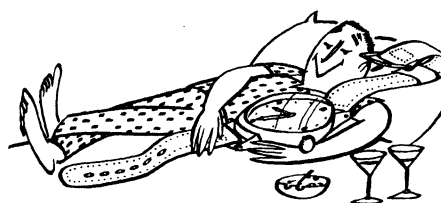
One morning, watching a dungaree creature, he said to a bystander, "How can you tell if that's a girl or a boy?"

"It's a girl," said the bystander. "She happens to be my daughter."

"My apologies," said the Englishman. "I had no idea you were her father."

"I'm not her father," snapped the other, pulling on her own dungarees. "I'm her mother."

* * *



LET'S NOT OVERDO IT

The somewhat nervous character sharing a restaurant table with a good-looking female companion, suddenly put down his empty martini and blurted, "As far as I'm concerned, psychiatry is strictly for the birds."

"Now what brought this on?" the girl inquired.

"Well," said the maladjusted male, "I've been taking treatments for over a month now. So what does the idiot tell me today? He tells me I'm in love with my wristwatch."

"You aren't, of course?" said the girl.

Holding the watch close to his ear so he could hear it tick, the character beamed fondly and said, "I may be fond of my watch, but to call me emotionally involved is silly!"

* * *

JUST IMAGINE

Cried the distraught consultant of the marriage counsellor, "I've given my husband nine children in ten years, and I've just discovered he never really loved me."

"Relax, dear lady," said the counsellor. "Things could be much worse."

"What do you mean?" the frantic woman cried.

"Just think of the shape you'd be in if he really had loved you."

* * *

OH-OH!

The two lovely young things met in front of a supermarket, and one said, "Whatever became of that stupid brunette your husband was sleeping with last year?"

"Oh," said the other sweetly, "why, I merely dyed my hair!"

* * *

NERVOUS SERVICE

"Is there anything else, sir?" said the bell-captain, desirous of offering every comfort to the well dressed man and woman, obviously wealthy, who had just taken the hotel's bridal suite.

"I don't think so," the man said.

"Is there anything I can do for your wife?" the insistent bell-captain asked.

"Come to think of it, there is," replied the client. "You could bring me a stamped postcard to send to her."

* * *



FAILURE

The pair of sports were seated at a restaurant bar, fascinated by the spectacle of a table customer in the process of consuming a seven-egg omelet.

Said one of them, "You must have heard that balderdash about eggs being excellent aid toward male vitality."

"What do you mean—balderdash?"

"Because you can't rely on them," replied the first. "I ate nine raw eggs the other night, before I went out on a heavy date, and only seven of them worked!"

* * *

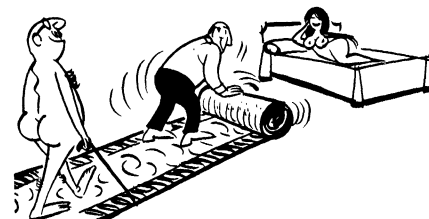
HOW TRUE!

While descending a New York subway staircase on one of that city's windy March days, a gorgeous young girl was annoyed at a man who stood at the bottom of the stairs, obviously enjoying the involuntary display of her charms.

Reaching the bottom at last, she snapped, "You, sir, are obviously no gentleman."

Retorted the peeper, "Obviously, you aren't either."

* * *



SEXY BENEFactor

A man arrived home to find his wife in bed with a naked man. He got a pistol from the dresser drawer and was about to fire away when his wife exclaimed, "Don't shoot; Who do you suppose got us that house in the country, the Cadillac, and my sable wrap?"

"Are you the man?" asked the husband. "Then, for crying out loud, get your clothes on before you catch cold."

* * *

DANGEROUS GAME

The lion trainer quit without notice and the circus owner needed someone to replace him in a hurry. He put an ad in the local paper and the next morning two applicants showed up—a young man and a gorgeous blonde. Neither looked like a lion trainer, but the manager was desperate.

"OK," he said, "here's a whip, a chair and a gun. Let's see what you can do with Big Leo. You can have the first try, miss, but be careful—he's a mean one."

The blonde beauty fearlessly entered the cage—empty-handed. Big Leo, snarling, came toward her with a ferocious roar. When he was almost upon her she threw open her coat and stood stark naked. Leo skidded to a stop and crawled the rest of the way on his belly; he purred and began to lick the girl's ankles, her legs, her thighs, her hips.

The astonished manager grinned happily and turned to the young man. "Well," he asked, "think you can top that?"

"Yeah," the man panted. "Just get that damn lion out of the cage!"

* * *

WE'LL TAKE THE TRAIN

We flew to 'Vegas last week-end, but it's the last time—at least on that particular airline. We got on board, settled back and listened to the pilot's voice coming over the intercom: "... Sit back, relax and enjoy your trip. If anything goes wrong, you'll know at once—our co-pilot will become hysterical."

* * *

TROPICAL TOPICAL

What men call gallantry, and gods adultery

Is much more common where the climate's sultry!

* * *

SUAVE!

A trio of Gallic gentlemen were discussing the true meaning of *savoir faire*. Explained the first, "Should you return home to find your wife in another man's arms, and you say, 'Excuse me,' that's true *savoir faire*."

"*Mais non!*" protested the second Frenchman. "That is not quite right. You display *savoir faire* when you return home to find your wife in another man's arms and say, 'Excuse me, proceed!' That is true *savoir faire*."

The third Parisian, older and more experienced than either of his companions shook his grey head and said solemnly, "*Non, mes enfants*, I fear that neither of you has quite grasped its meaning. If you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and say, 'Excuse me, proceed!', and he proceeds, then he has true *savoir faire*."

* * *



FOR PEANUTS?

Then there was the adorable miss who paused in puzzlement before the monkey-house at the zoo. "Where are the monkeys today?" she asked the keeper.

"Sorry, Miss," said the keeper. "They're all out back in the cave. You see, it's the mating season."

"Oh!" The adorable miss thought for a moment. Ther, "Will they come out if I throw them some peanuts?"

"I don't know, Miss," the keeper said doubtfully. "Would you?"

* * *



SURVEY AFTER DARK

According to a recent survey to discover why men get out of bed during the night, some 3% are roused by a call of nature while 2% are motivated by hunger and a desire to raid the icebox. The remaining 95% get out of bed to go home.

* * *

BUT NOT THAT SHORT

We were amazed, to say the least, when this three-foot-tall character came struggling into our office yesterday, lugging a manuscript nearly as thick as he was tall. He fixed us with a fierce scowl and said: "Whatsa matter? You guys never seen a short story-writer before?"

* * *



DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU

Sam, an agent friend of ours, has really been around where show biz is concerned. The other day, we ran into him while he was watching a new act where a guy is shot out of a cannon a hundred feet in the air and plays a violin solo on his way down. When the guy landed, he looked at Sam and said, "Well—?"

Sam took a drag on his cigar. "Well, a Heifitz, you ain't."

* * *

THE GANG'S ALL THERE

One of our writers, just back from Paris, reports that on his first night out on the town he stopped a Frenchman and asked, "What's the name of that place where all the Americans stay?"

The Frenchman sighed, "The Folies Bergere."

* * *

FOR GUYS BUILT LIKE ONE?

In Sacramento, we saw a men's furnishings store called The Brick Shirt House.

* * *

WARNING

You can't be too careful about some of these so-called new miracle drugs. ADAM knows of a lovely lady who took one guaranteed to make her 20 years younger, and it worked so well it almost killed her. Seems she was only 18 years old at the time!

* * *

MUDDY TRACK

The successful jockey fell madly in love with a beautiful broad and took two weeks off for a wedding and honeymoon. To his dismay, on their wedding night, his adorable bride emerged from the bathroom plastered from neck to feet with a heavy coating of a greenish clay.

"What's that for?" the bridegroom gasped in horror.

"That," replied his adorable bride, "is my own special beauty pack. You tell me you love my soft, perfect skin, and I intend to keep it that way!"

Much too sophisticated to risk wrecking the marriage by showing too much force the first night, the frustrated jockey resigned himself to a loveless evening, with the best grace he could muster. But when he encountered the same viscous barrier on the three following nights, he decided something had to be done to consummate his marriage.

Therefore, on the fifth night, as the mud-covered bride emerged from the bathroom, she found herself confronted by her small but virile husband clad only in a tire-chain wrapped around his middle.

"What's that for?" she asked in amazement.

"Honey," came the determined reply, "mud or no mud, this jockey rides tonight!"

* * *

PRESUMPTION

ADAM presumes that, by now, you've all heard about the call-girl who talked back to the vice-squad cop and got slapped in the can.

* * *



SAME COFFEE HOUSE

Sign above the bar in a beat bistro: "No chicks served here—bring your own."

* * *

WHO'S A BASTARD?

Upon concluding his examination of the ultra-glamorous model, the physician told her, "My dear, when your husband gets home from the office this evening, you can tell him that you're going to have a baby."

"Thanks, Doctor," said the beauty, "but I'm afraid I can't do that. You see, I'm not married."

"Not married!" cried the MD, aghast.

"That's what I said."

"Then tell me," said the astonished medico, "where is the father of this unborn child?"

"Oh," the beauty said casually, "he's home taking care of our other three children."

"Your other three children!" the physician gasped. "You mean you've had three children by this man, and are going to have a fourth, and the rat never asked you to marry him?"

"He's always pestering me to marry him," said the girl, "but frankly, Doc, he's just not my type."

* * *

IN TWO WORDS!

Alvin was in sorry shape. For two months he had wooed a ravishing girl named Alice without getting further than first base. He had wine d her, dine d her, taken her to the theater and to ball games, but whenever he took her home after such an expensive foray, he was left drooling on the doorstep after a cool goodnight kiss. In desperation, he consulted a friend sage in the lore of lovemaking and asked him what to do to break the impasse.

Said the pal, "Drastic measures are demanded. When you take that party-poop er out tonight, take her hand and place it firmly over your most sensitive part. If she doesn't respond, forget her."

"I'll try," said Alvin bravely, and he did. That evening, after a long, leisurely restaurant dinner, he drove her to a secluded parking spot, pulled her into his arms, kissed her, then followed instructions to the letter.

Alice reacted—but not according to his pal's recipe. Instead of melting amorously, she exploded in an endless string of invective in which, between demands that he take her home at once, she cast violent aspersion on his morals, his manners and his ancestry. Appalled, Alvin was only too glad to drive her to her house.

As he pulled up outside, she said, "And now, Alvin, have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes!" cried Alvin. "Let go!"

* * *

RARE TALENT!

It says here that the chief attribute of a Frenchman, one that distinguishes him from the citizens of less-favored countries, is his ability to breathe through his ears!

* * *



ROUE

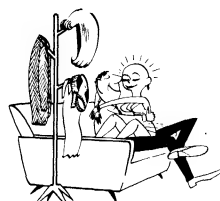
Jennings has had so much experience with women that he no longer troubles himself with the usual preliminaries of courtship. In fact, he recently approached a good-looking babe he had just met at a cocktail bash and said, "I don't believe in wasting words—will you or won't you?"

"Will," said the girl.

"Okay," said Jennings, "Your pad or mine?"

"Listen," snapped the girl, "if you're going to ask questions all night, let's drop the whole idea."

* * *



ALL'S HAIR...

While it is not unusual for a wife to be jealous of her husband, Myra's possessiveness where her Bill was concerned broke all records. Each night, upon his return from the office, she forced him to stand at rigid attention under a bright light, while she inspected him for signs of faithlessness with everything but a high-powered electronic microscope. If she discovered a single hair on his coat, be it blonde, brunette or red-head, she would toss a roof-raising tantrum—and invariably, poor hapless Bill seemed to have acquired such a badge of dishonor.

Finally, one evening, after a minute search, Myra failed to find a single evidence of alien hair—at which she burst into her worst tantrum of record. "Ooooooh!" she cried, flooding the hall with tears. Even bald women now!"



TOP PRIORITY

Charlie was showing his friend, Joe, around the town. As they were admiring the scenery, Joe pointed to a good looking girl who was smiling at them.

"Do you know her?" Joe asked.

"Yeah—that's Jane—twenty dollars."

"Who's the blonde with her?"

"Mary—forty dollars."

"Hey, Charlie, look what's coming!" Joe said, pointing to a curvy redhead.

"Yeah—she's great. That's Sue. Eighty dollars."

"Aren't there any nice, respectable girls around here?" Joe asked in despair.

"Sure," countered Charlie, "but you couldn't afford their rates."

* * *



WHILE HOME BURNS?

Slattery and Elphinstone had been buddies for years, so when Slattery picked up a pair of tickets to the World Series in Yankee Stadium, he naturally called Elphinstone and told him to get cracking as game-time was near. To his surprise, Elphinstone said, "I'm sorry, Slat, old boy, but I just can't make it—Stradivarius is giving a concert at Carnegie Hall this afternoon."

A week later, Slattery picked up another pair of tickets, this time to the hottest musical comedy on Broadway. "I had to fork over a sawbuck apiece for them," he told Elphinstone.

"Sorry, Slat," replied his buddy, "but Stradivarius is giving another concert this evening, so you'd better hunt yourself another sucker, pal."

"For Pete's sake!" exploded the outraged Slattery. "Are you giving me the old runaround? Since when have you been a music-lover? And what's with this Stradivarius creep anyway?"

"Who's a music-lover?" countered Elphinstone. "When Stradivarius plays, I hay in with his wife!"

* * *



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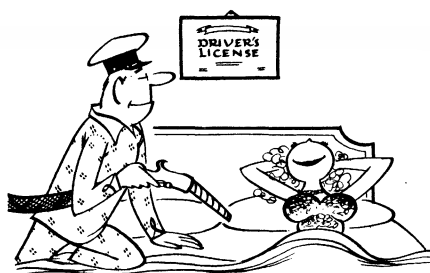
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LOOK OUT!

Jerry Winkell's 1960-model convertible was the proverbial apple of his eye. The moment he got home from work, he would head for the garage and put in hours polishing it and oiling it and making it shine. One evening, after waxing it, he got back in the house much too late for dinner and was so tired he went straight to bed.

The next morning, when he got up, he discovered that he was wearing a perfectly gorgeous black eye. Turning to his wife, he asked, "How the devil did I pick up this shiner, honey?"

"I gave it to you," she said coolly.

"You!"

"You heard me."

"But why, honey?"

"Okay," said his wife. "I turned in last night a little after you did. You turned over and rubbed my legs and said, 'Mmmmm! How smooth!' Then your hand moved upstairs, and you said, 'What a gorgeous pair of headlights!' But when you touched my mezzanine and said, 'Who left the garage doors open?' I let you have it—*but good!*"

* * *

JUST DUCKY!

The cute little bear was minding her own business, strolling along a jungle path, when without warning a thick, hairy arm emerged from a dense thicket and hauled the bruin off the path by main force. When she was able to fight her way out, she fled as fast as she could, crying, "I'm a ruined bruin—I'm a ruined bruin!"

Shortly afterward, a young monkey traveled the same path and suffered the same disaster. She emerged, howling, "I'm a raped ape—I'm a raped ape!"

The next wayfarer was a web-footed duck who was grabbed in turn, only to be tossed out of the thicket moments later. Picking itself up, the duck proceeded in triumph, crying, "Everything's Jake—I'm a drake!"

* * *

COMMENT

Remarked the roue walking out of a high-grade bordello, with a sigh, "Man, that's what I call a real business. You got it, you sell it, and you still got it!"

* * *

BUSHWHACKED!

There is a province in Mexico where the law requires every man who gets a woman pregnant out of wedlock to pay 15 pesos a week child support for 16 years after the baby is born. According to the story, a certain Lothario had been making his payments faithfully for almost eleven years. During the last two years or so, the mother had been sending the child, a girl, to collect the payments from her father.

One afternoon, when the girl arrived for the weekly payment, the Lothario smiled wickedly as he gave her the money and said, "You go home and tell your mama that this is the final payment. Then watch the expression on her face."

The girl obeyed, and after mama had counted the money, she said, "No more payments?"

"Si, mama."

"And he said to watch the look on my face?"

"Si," mama."

"Then you go right back to him and tell him I said he is not your father—and watch the expression on *his* face."

* * *



PRECOCIOUS!

It happened at a Brigitte Bardot movie. Just as the near-nude, delectable French sexpot embraced her equally near-nude young lover in an ultra-torrid, all-over kiss, a childlike treble piped up from the audience, asking, "Mommy, is this when he puts the pollen on her?"

* * *

BRIGHT BOY

Then there was the hard-working husband who returned home from the office early one afternoon to catch his wife in flagrante delictu (which means in the act) with his best friend.

"And what in hell do you think you're doing?" he roared in his dismay.

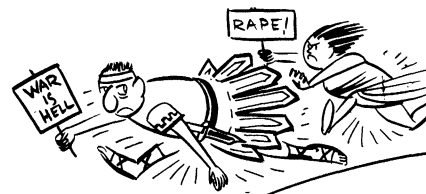
Without so much as breaking rhythm, his wife snapped to her fortunate bed-partner, "See, I told you Jack was stupid?"

IT MUST BE

The young husband, too newlywed to know better, remarked to his beautiful bride, "That good-looking doorman who's on days claims he's made love to every woman who lives in this building but one."

"I'll bet she must be that snooty Mrs. Pemberton who lives in the penthouse," replied the bride.

* * *



OLD BUT WILLING

The Rape of the Sabine women is a famous historical incident, but here is an unrevealed episode of that story. Seems a dashing Roman hero walked into a house to find two beautiful sisters. He roared, "Prepare thy-selves for conquest, my pretties."

The girls fell to their knees. "Rav-ish us if thou wilt, but spare our nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," said the nurse. "War is war."

* * *

ON THE TRAIL

A certain Hollywood star, who's been known to take a nip or two, staggered into our favorite club the other day. "Hey," he called to the bartender, "has my buddy George been here today?"

The bartender thought a moment, then said, "Yeah, he was here about an hour ago."

The star took a step nearer the bar, steadied himself on a table and said, "Tell me—was I with him?"

* * *



WILD FLOWER

There was the traveling salesman who always wrote passionate love letters to a farm girl in the country. He addressed her as Hollyhock.

The definition of Hollyhock explains the use of the strange term of endearment. It means: *Does well in fence corners and behind barns; not so well in beds.*

* * *

NORTHERN TIME

The adorable Southern belle was on the make for a handsome young Yankee, and whispered, "Honey, would it be okay if I kissed yo' all?"

"Why that?" countered the swain. "Aren't my lips good enough?"

* * *

EVEN UP

"You louse — you beast!" cried the angry young beauty. "I've had it — I'm going back to mother."

"So okay?" shrugged the character. "In that case I'm going back to my wife."

* * *



In the highly formal Oak Room of New York's Hotel Plaza, a newly-hired waiter was assigned the table of a very wealthy and social young lady. Among her other endowments was a bosom of pinup-girl proportions, emphasized by her exceedingly low-cut strapless gown. As she bent over her soup, one of her breasts popped out, and the waiter, anxious to make good on his new job, hastily returned the errant bit of anatomy to its proper place with his bare hands.

Witnessing the incident with horror, the maitre d'hotel called the waiter over and said, "Where have you worked before coming here?"

"Oh," said the waiter, "the Copa, Leon and Eddie's, the Martinique."

"I thought so!" said the maitre d'. "At the Plaza, we use two warm spoons."

* * *

ALL ALONE . . . ?

Said the concerned mother to her good-looking daughter, who was approaching the age of consent, "There are some things a girl shouldn't do before twenty."

"You're quite right, mother dear," replied the girl. "I don't like a large audience, either."

* * *



ANYWAY, THEY'RE DIFFERENT

The guy at the corner gas station was talking to us about foreign cars. "Man," he said, "are they small! Some of the new ones are so low to the ground the only way you can get into 'em is through a manhole cover! I mean, they're little — the other day one of 'em got in a real bad accident — a pedestrian fell on it!"

"They got a new one comin' out soon that's made in Italy. It's got real continental styling — fenders with cuffs and a button-down grill. They're calling it the Mafia — it's got a hood under the hood!"

* * *

WITH PLENTY OF NICE ICING

Speaking of philosophy, here's another observation about Cinema City made by a Casting Director acquaintance. "This town," he said with a knowing grin, "reminds me of a gigantic bakery — here, you can have your cake and someone else's cookie, too."

* * *



Then there was the lingerie manufacturer who offered a leading television commentator a negligee, if he would give the product a plug on his show . . . to be promptly greeted with the question, "Okay, but what's in it for me?"

* * *

SOMETHING TO COME

Sighed the bride on her wedding night, "Darling, I just can't believe we're actually married."

Said the groom, grimly, "You will if I can ever get this damned shoe-lace untied!"

* * *

AND SOME WILL PEEL

It was the fruit-and-vegetable clerk at the supermarket who announced recently that the apple of a roue's eye is usually the peach with the biggest pear.

* * *

A would-be moose-hunter, on his first trip to the North Woods, wanted to be certain of bagging a big fellow, and the guide advised him to hire Pierre, the most successful moose-caller around.

"It's true," said the guide, "that Pierre is expensive, but his call has a sexy quality no moose can resist."

"How does it work," the hunter asked.

"Well," the guide told him. "It's like this. Pierre spots a moose at three hundred yards and makes his first call. The moose hears him and comes nearer. Then Pierre makes his second call, at two hundred yards, putting more zing into it."

"This gets the moose really excited, and he comes curvetting and snorting in, ready for amorous dalliance. At one hundred yards, Pierre really puts sex into his third call, prolonging it to give a final fillip to the moose's carnal urge. The moose gallops toward his prey, and, when he is only twenty-five yards away, that is the time, my friend, when you must aim and fire."

"What if I should miss?" the hunter asked.

"Ah, that would be terrible," replied the guide.

"Why?"

"Because, in such a case, poor Pierre gets mated."

* * *

The adorable little Junior Miss stood at the perfume counter, scanning shyly the flamboyant labels on the bottles displayed, which named their contents as *Danger*, *Ecstasy* and *My Sin*.

"May I help you, Miss?" the sales-lady asked her.

The girl blushed and looked doubtful. "I'm not sure," she said, a trifle uneasily. "Don't you have something for girls who are just starting out?"

* * *





HEROINE!

The busty and exceedingly attractive young schoolteacher decided to spend her vacation on an ocean voyage. From midway on her watery journey, her girlfriend at home received the following letter —

Dear Helen — This has been a most exciting trip. The first evening out, the Captain invited me to dine at his table. The next afternoon, I spent the entire day with him on the bridge. The third evening, he invited me into his cabin for cocktails and made the most indecent proposals, which I, of course, refused. The fourth day, the Captain told me that, unless I let him have his way with me, he would sink the ship. That was yesterday, and this evening I saved over 1,000 lives.

* * *

WISE CHILD

Three attractive young things were discussing over their afternoon cocktails just what sort of male they'd like most to be shipwrecked on a desert island with.

Said the first, "I think I'd settle for a marvelous talker, a man who could keep me from being bored."

"You've got a point, dear," said the second, "but I'd rather have an all-round man, a man who could trap food and knew how to cook it."

Said the third, "I think I'd prefer an obstetrician."

* * *



HARD UP

The middle-aged gentleman paid a visit to his doctor and complained that he feared he was becoming impotent.

"And when did you first become aware of your unfortunate condition?" the doctor asked.

Replied the aging man, "Twice yesterday afternoon, twice last night and once this morning."

* * *

BAD FOR DISCIPLINE

And this little item came out of a post PX in a U.S. Marine Corps base in California. The sign read simply—

"Non-commissioned personnel on this base are forbidden to purchase or possess 'Thinking Man's Cigaretts'."

* * *

OOPS!

"But, Dick," said Barbara, "do you really love me as much as you say?"

"You know I love you," he replied from the other side of the bed, "but it happens that my name is Fred."

"Oh, hell!" said Barbara ruefully. "I wish I'd stop thinking this is Wednesday night."

* * *

HIGH COST OF DYING

The fading roue decided to face the fact that he had not long to live, so he visited a mortician to make arrangements for his interment after death. However, by the time the undertaker had finished listing the costs of an adequate funeral, the playboy was shocked and said so.

"You're so right," the undertaker replied with ghoulis amiability. "It hardly pays to die at all these days, does it?"

* * *

AGREED

Miss Withers, a very prim and proper spinster of decided moral opinions, was caught downtown while shopping and decided to lunch in what appeared to be a highly respectable restaurant. Since the place was crowded, customers were sharing tables and Miss Withers selected one at which sat a pleasant looking young businesswoman. However, to Miss Withers' horror, upon completing her sandwich, the young woman pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

After enduring this outrage as long as she could, the prudish spinster said sharply, "Young woman, I'd rather commit adultery than smoke a cigarette in public."

"So would I," replied the girl, "but I only have a half-hour for lunch."

* * *



ALL ALONE!

The very prim spinster ladies lived together as old maids until one of them met a man who took a fancy to her and whisked her into matrimony. Back from the honeymoon, the bride visited her former roommate and painted a bright-hued picture of the joys of married life.

"Ethel," she rhapsodized, "it's like a cruise through the Mediterranean, riding a luxurious yacht into the sunset. It's wonderful, that's all!"

Decided that she wanted some of it, too, the surviving old maid went husband hunting and finally trapped herself a mate. After the ceremony, they undressed for bed and the bridegroom rapidly reached a state of unbearable excitement. But his spouse, on the other hand, could not seem to work up much of a head of steam.

"I simply don't understand," she said in her perplexity. "My friend told me marriage was like cruising the Mediterranean on a yacht, riding into the sunset."

"Oh, she did — eh?" countered the frustrated benedict. Well then, bon voyage, baby — I'm sailing alone!"

* * *

One of the inmates in an insane asylum was doing his best to sell an attendant on the idea that he was Napoleon.

Trying to humor the nut, the attendant said, "Yeah, but who told you that you're Napoleon?"

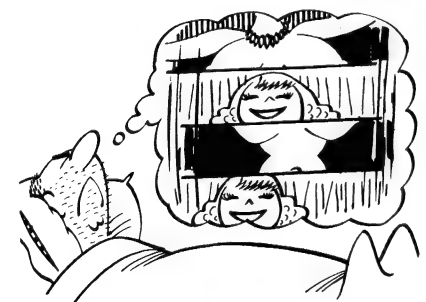
"God did!" intoned the madman.

"I did nothing of the sort!" boomed a deep voice from the next cot.

* * *

Lots of girls sow their wild oats on Saturday night—then attend church on Sunday to pray for a crop failure!

* * *



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!

Sing a song of sixpence,

A belly full of rye.

I dreamt I saw a bareass wench

Go bubble-dancing-by.

Then just as four-and-twenty birds

Flew up to peck the bubble,

I saw those old familiar words,

"We're having network trouble!"

This husband had had it. After 10 nagging, henpecked years, he decided his only out was to murder his wife. But, as a precaution, he first visited his psychiatrist, who threw cold water on the idea. "Murderers have a way of getting caught," the doctor said. "There's a much better way—put your wife under an unbearable sexual pressure."

"Doctor, you want me to . . .?" the poor devil asked.

"You've got it. Six times a day, and I'll guarantee your wife will be dead in a year."

"Okay," said the husband. "I'll try anything."

After 364 days had passed, the psychiatrist visited his patient to check on the outcome. The husband lay in bed, with two nurses standing by. He had shrunk to skin and bones, and the bags under his eyes matched those of the late Fred Allen.

The wife came prancing in, abloom with vigor and brandishing a tennis racket. "Hello, people," she said. "Have I had a day! Ten sets of tennis, then a twenty-mile ride this afternoon. Well, I've got to bathe and change for the club dance tonight."

The psychiatrist looked after her, frowning, then said to the husband, "I don't get it. Did you follow my orders?"

The poor husband struggled up on his elbows. "Of course," he said. "Six times a night—sometimes seven." He began to chuckle weakly.

"What's so funny?" the doctor asked.

"My God, man!" said the husband. "Didn't you get a load of my wife prancing all over the place? The damned fool doesn't even realize that tomorrow she dies!"

* * *



GEORGIA WINS!

In an effort to top all those restaurant rest-room signs that coyly read "Kings and Queens", "Pointers and Setters" and the like, the committee members of a Georgia yacht club went into session and came up with the all-time winner to date. On their rest room doors were proudly painted the signs, "Outboard" and "Inboard" for the male and female guests respectively.

* * *

SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT

When Eileen finally got her divorce, after a particularly messy court hearing, she emerged all smiles. Terri, her girlfriend, who had been in court, met her outside and was shocked. "What are you smiling about?" she exclaimed. "I thought the judge awarded Jock custody of all four of the children."

"That's why I'm smiling," said Eileen. "You see, the joke's on him. They're not any of them his!"

* * *



An exceedingly well-stacked young nurse walked calmly along the hospital corridor with a portion of her bosom exposed. A staff doctor, passing by, noticed the delightful exposure and rated her for improper attire and indecent display of her charms.

Blushing, the nurse quickly set herself to rights, saying "Sorry Doctor, but these damned internes never put anything away when they're through with it!"

* * *

A housewife picked out three small tomatoes, only to be informed by the grocer that their price was 75 cents.

"You must think I'm crazy!" she exclaimed angrily. "Seventy-five cents for these three tiny tomatoes? Well, you can take 'em, and you know what you can do with them!"

"Sorry, lady, that's out of the question," replied the grocer. "There's a ninety-five-cent cucumber in there already!"

* * *

HOT WIRE

A man wired his wife he was finishing his business earlier than expected and would arrive home on Thursday. When he arrived home he found his wife in bed with another man. Indignant, he packed his clothes, left the house, and informed his mother-in-law he was getting a divorce.

"But shouldn't you let her explain?" the mama-in-law asked. "I'm sure there's a logical reason."

The next day she called the husband and said, "I knew there was an explanation. My daughter didn't get your wire."

* * *



C'EST LA VIE!

Yes, that's life, all right — by the time a man gets rich enough so he can afford to lose a golf ball, he can no longer hit it that far. And that goes double for sex!

* * *

AN EYE FOR ART

The guy at the next desk is a real nut for art—all kinds, modern or classical, painting or sculpture. And, of course, he likes it not only for its esthetic appeal, but for its practical use. For example—the other night, he tells us, while out bar-hopping, he ran into a perfect subject, a curvy but wide-eyed little blonde chick who looked like she'd just got off the bus from Cupcake Corners. With a variation on the old "etchings" routine, he got her up to his pad and damned if she wasn't all bug-eyed over his collection. Finally, her eye fell on a piece of ancient Mayan sculpture that was long and slender and round. "And what's that?" she said in her little-girl voice.

This was the moment he'd been waiting for. "That, my dear, is a phallic symbol." He grinned. "And do you know what a phallic symbol is?"

"No—but I'd sure hate to tell you what I'd like to do with it."

* * *



The dean of the woman's college was speaking to some of her nubile young charges on the problem of sex. "In moments of temptation," she said, "you must ask yourself one simple question . . . is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of regret?"

"Ma'am?" said a little Southern girl in the rear, raising her hand. "How do you make it last an hour?"

* * *

DANDY MANDY

According to one of our writers, the reason Mandy Rice-Davis never gets sun-burned when she goes to the beach is because she always lies under a peer.

PETERS IN!

As it happened, Dick Peters was the star halfback at college, very much in the All America running. So when he suffered a wrenched knee during a midweek scrimmage, there was much lamentation over his injury, which occurred on the eve of a homecoming game.

The college paper, somewhat puckish about it, decided to run the story under a headline that read, *Football team will play minus Peters!*

However, the dean spotted it before the paper went to press and promptly changed the offending headline for what he thought was the better. So, on Saturday, the paper appeared with the announcement in bold black letters, *Eleven will play with Peters out!*

* * *



ROBBED!

The oyster clan found a wonderful new bed half a mile up the Sound. They were busily engaged in packing up for the move when Mother Oyster discovered that Little Mary was weeping in a corner as if her heart would break.

"Don't take on so, Mary," said Mother Oyster. "We're going to have a wonderful new home. There's nothing to cry about."

"But there *is*!" wailed Little Mary. "Now Johnny Bass will never be able to find me, and I love him with my whole being."

"Does Johnny love you, dear?" Little Mary's mother asked anxiously.

"Of course, he does," insisted Little Mary. "Why, only last night, he took me in his arms under the bank. First he kissed me tenderly on the forehead. Then he kissed me passionately on the lips. And then — my God, my *pearl*!"

* * *

SILLY

Joanne: I know a place where men don't wear anything except maybe a watch now and then.

Margot: Where is it, where is it?

Joanne: Around the wrist, silly!

* * *



OYSTER LOVE

Returned from their honeymoon, the newlyweds, who had hit it off with fantastic success, were forced to report to her family physician. He spotted their trouble quickly as a double-case of sheer exhaustion and said, "What you two need is a bit of rest. I'd like to suggest that you lay off sex-play those nights of the week that do not have an R in them. Lay off, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and you'll find yourselves ready for the weekend, I'm sure."

As it happened, that night was Thursday, so the happy couple didn't let up — nor did they on the following Friday and Saturday. Sunday, they both slept, as they did on Monday night. But Tuesday, with her husband asleep, the bride found herself the victim of an overpowering urge. Shaking her husband awake, she cried, "Darling, kiss me — this is Tuesday."

* * *

SHOCKER

Men seldom make passes
At girls with wide asses,
So some sage or other has said.
He said it quite rightly,
They're very unsightly,
But no one takes donkeys to bed!

* * *



SO WHO HAS THE PATENT RIGHTS?

We were talking to a starlet gal-pal of ours, recently, who came up with this rich bit of profound philosophy over a martini. "You know," she said, "Hollywood is actually one big manufacturing center — where they make girls."

* * *

On an isolated Riviera beach, a lovely young French girl hurled herself into the blue waters. A young man saw her, from afar, and rushed in to save her, but too late. He dragged her Bikini-clad body to the sand and left it there while he went for an official. When they returned, both men were horrified to find a plump Frenchman criminally assaulting the body.

"*Monsieur!*" shouted the young man. "That woman is dead!"

"*Sacre bleu!*" exclaimed the Frenchman, leaping to his feet, "I thought she was an *Americaine*."

* * *

The average bride is actually shocked to hear her first four-letter word after the ceremony—*cook!*

* * *

She stood between me and the headlights.

Her figure was really a pip.

I was able to see her quite plainly,

For she'd already gi'en me the slip!

* * *

WHY, MARY!

Mary had a little sheep,

And with the sheep she went to sleep.

The sheep turned out to be a ram,

Now Mary has a little lamb!

* * *



THE MOBILE TYE

It happened to Dawson while traveling through the rural Midwest on business. Entering the sole general store available in one of his overnight stops, he asked the plump girl who waited on him, "Do you keep stationery?"

Replied the girl, "Almost always until the last second or so — then I go crazy."

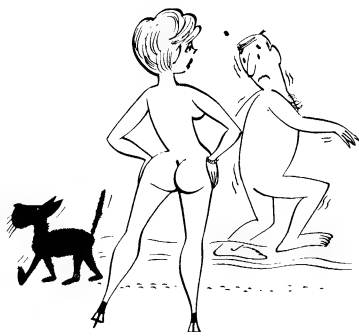
* * *

HELP!

Shortly after their return from an unusually blissful honeymoon, Tom attended a company dinner that was strictly a stag affair. Shortly before midnight, he called Marie and yelped, "Honey, I don't know how to tell you, but there are a dozen naked girls dancing here. What shall I do?"

"If you can still do anything," said Marie, "come home right now."

* * *



LOLITA?

After completing four films in a row and a long personal-appearance trip, Tab Newman, the movie star, retired to his Malibu hilltop hideout alone for a sorely needed rest. But in the middle of the very first night, he was roused by repeated knockings on the front door. Opening it half-dead, he was startled to see a cute little pony-tailed miss standing there.

"My hero!" cried the lass. "At last I find you alone!"

"Who are you?" asked Tab.

"Your most loyal and loving fan," the girl informed him, advancing upon him with no doubt as to her intentions. "I've been waiting and longing for months for this chance. Take me in your arms, darling, and smother me with kisses. Make passionate love to me."

"Hold on, kid," said the actor. "How old are you?"

"Thirteen, but so what?" countered the girl.

"Thirteen!" he cried in horror. "You get the hell out of here quick!"

"Gosh!" said the girl. "You sure picked one swell time to get superstitious."

* * *

AGREED!

It may not do much good to spank babies over eighteen—but it sure can be a hell of a lot of fun!

* * *



QUEENIE

Ian and Queenie MacIntyre had been married thirty long years, and not one day or night had passed in that time that they didn't have at least a single serious quarrel. One evening, over the haggis, they were having at one another with a will. Queenie, it appears, was thoroughly

irked because Ian had had no sex with her in almost a year. She put the fact in front of him in no uncertain terms.

"But, hoot, lassie," he said, "I'm growing older. I can no longer do it with all the fervor of my youth."

"Cease the excuses, Ian," said Queenie. "If it's cold you intend being toward me, then cold I'll be toward you—Mr. MacIntyre!"

"Hoot, Queenie—"

"And hereafter, you'll be kind enough to call me Mrs. MacIntyre," Queenie informed him loftily.

In this deplorable condition, they retired for the night, with Queenie facing the wall. He lay down beside her and turned on his side toward her unwelcoming back. There was silence for a while, and then Queenie said furiously, "Mr. MacIntyre, would you mind taking your knee out of my back."

"Your pardon, Mrs. MacIntyre," he replied icily, "but that is not my knee."

"Ian, darling," she cried softly, rolling over. "You may call me Queenie again."

* * *



IN DIFFERENCE

When Pete decided he had had about all he could endure of his wife's frigidity, he consulted a psychiatrist. After hearing him out, the latter said, "The trouble with you is, you've been taking her for granted. A woman has to be stirred to passion—she can't just turn it on and off like a water faucet. The next time you go home and find her there, grab her and make love to her right then and there—even if it's right inside the front door. There's nothing that will reawaken a woman like being violently possessed."

The next day, when Pete went back to the psychiatrist, the head-shrinker asked him what his wife's reaction had been. Pete looked sheepish and said, "She wasn't too happy about it—but the other members of her African Violet Club suggested we sell tickets the next time we do it."

* * *

NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FUEL

He pleaded for a kiss.

She cried in accents cruel,
"I may be someone's red-hot pal,
But I'm nobody's fuel."

* * *



AH, ROMANTIC PAREE!

After concluding a highly successful business deal, Smith took his wife to Paris with him on a pleasure trip. However, after following her around for three days from Balmain's to Balenciaga's to Dior's to you-name-it, he pleaded with her for a day to himself and got it. That afternoon, with Mrs. Smith out shopping once more, Smith went to the Ritz bar in search of the pleasure he seemed to be missing.

There, he was latched onto by a charming Parisian *fille de joie* who seemed more than willing to accommodate him until the little matter of money came up. She insisted on \$50 American, and he was willing to pay no more than \$10 for unproved goods. So nothing happened.

But that evening, as he followed his wife into Maxim's, he spotted the luscious lady of the Ritz at a table just inside the door. Looking after Mrs. Smith pityingly, she said, loud and clear, "See, monsieur? That's what you get for your lousy ten bucks!"

* * *

GOOD NEWS!

"I'm happy to tell you," said the psychiatrist, "that you're now a well man. It won't be necessary for you to continue psychoanalysis further."

"Gee!" said the patient. "That's great! Isn't there something special I could do for you in return?"

"It's not necessary," said the head-shrinker. "You've paid your bill, and that's all that's expected of you."

"Doc," said the cured one, "I'm so happy I could kiss you!"

"I'd rather you wouldn't," said the psychiatrist. "As a matter of fact, we shouldn't even be lying here on the couch together."

* * *



POOR CHAP!

"You know, confided Everard to a barside acquaintance. "I'm frequently compared to Marlon Brando."

"By whom?" countered the unbeliever.

"By my wife," said Everard. "She prefers Brando."

* * *

PAYOFF PITCH

Little Johnny startled his schoolmates one day by writing on the blackboard the sentence, *Johnny is a passionate devil*. Not unnaturally, his attractive young teacher was miffed and made him stay in after school that afternoon. When Johnny finally was released, his schoolmates flocked around him to hear what punishment had been meted out to him for his crime. "I ain't sayin' nothin'," said Johnny, "except that it sure does pay to advertise."

* * *



LOCK IN

The night switchboard operator at the New York luxury hotel was buzzed shortly after 4 a.m. by an obvious inebriate who wanted to know what time the bar opened in the morning.

"Nine o'clock, sir," replied the girl.

At 5:45, she received another call from the same gentleman, if anything drunker than before. He asked the same question, got the same answer.

When drunk as a skunk, he called a third time shortly after 6:30, the operator was understandably irritated, and said, "Can't you wait until nine o'clock to get in the bar?"

"Get in, heck!" screamed the alcoholic. I want to get out of the damned place!"

* * *

IMPROPER CAD!

When Lord Outerbridge-Backhouse returned from a brief trip to London, he discovered his wife in *flagrante delictu* with Baron Quiller-Sofa, supposedly his best friend. At once, in a voice of thunder, he began berating his wife, reminding her that he had rescued her from a life of poverty or worse in the Glasgow slums, that he had given her everything in human power since making her his bride.

With this, Lady Outerbridge-Backhouse burst into inconsolable weeping, so her spouse swung his attention to Baron Quiller-Sofa and snarled, "As for you, you cad, you might at least stop while I'm talking to you!"

* * *

BACHELOR VIEW

It was a wary bachelor who defined the dream-wife as a beautiful, nymphomaniacal deaf mute with a large inherited income.

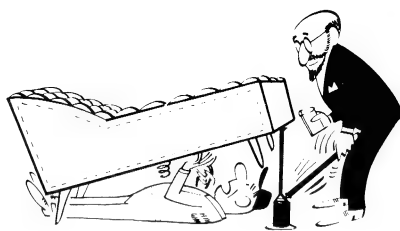
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Another little girl came home from a visit to a Gypsy tearoom in near-hysteria. According to the tealeaves, her mother was to die in a month, she was to die the month following and her father was to die the month after that. Her father poo-pooed the story as mere superstitious nonsense and packed his daughter off to bed.

However, a month later, the little girl's mother was killed in an accident, and, the second month, she herself fell ill and died. The father, convinced by such grim evidence, was tearing his hair out in terror. On the morning when his own death was foretold, he awakened, feeling unusually healthy. However, he moved with extreme caution until a crash on the back porch sent him scurrying to see what was wrong.

There, pierced through the heart by his own tongs, lay the iceman!

* * *



UNDER THE COUNTER

You may have been told about the service-station technician who, upon visiting his psychiatrist, insisted on lying *under the couch*!

* * *

BROADMINDED

The sport and his doll were cruising through the countryside one spring afternoon, when the sport brought his Jaguar to a sudden stop. In a pasture on the other side of a white fence, a cow and a bull were going through their seasonal paces.

The sport put an arm around his doll's midriff, pulled her close and murmured, "Boy, would I like to do what that bull is doing right now!"

"Why don't you then?" countered the doll. "I'll be perfectly happy to wait here for you."

* * *

There are men who are born to good fortune. A notable example was the chap who was shipwrecked on a desert island with no company but six lovely babes, all of whom were disposed to be realistic about their situation. It was decided that each babe would sleep with Sir Lucky in regular weeknight rotation, giving him Sundays to rest up in.



The arrangement worked wonderfully well for a couple of months, after which the nightly grind began to tell on the fortunate devil. One afternoon, he was dragging along a secluded bit of beach, when he saw another lone male being washed ashore on a raft. Excited at the prospect of assistance in his charming, if fatiguing, chores, Sir Lucky shouted, "Ahoy there!" at the newcomer and waved a greeting.

The man on the raft rose daintily, waved a lace handkerchief in return and chanted, "Why hello, *you*!"

The first castaway sank to the sand in dismay and said, disconsolately, "Well, there goes Sunday shot, too!"

* * *

Not to mention the gal-about-town who never cares who wins an election . . . says she doesn't give a hoot who gets in!

* * *

EN ROUTE

Said one B-girl to the other, "Honey, if I'm not in bed by midnight, I'm going home."

* * *

FRANK

"See here, young man," shouted the furious father, "how is it that I find you in bed with my daughter? I ask you again, how is it?"

"If you must know, sir," replied the nonchalant youth. "Perfectly lousy."

* * *

YOU CAN'T WIN!

The handsome movie producer got home just in time for breakfast, and his wife furiously demanded that he tell her exactly what he'd been doing.

"Well," he said, "I was in a story conference last night that lasted until nearly midnight. Since it was so late, I offered to drive that cute new secretary of mine home, and when we got to her apartment, she asked me in for a nightcap, then invited me to spend the night with her. So I did."

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, buster," said his wife with a snort. "You've been out playing poker with the boys again!"

* * *



The veteran plumber was briefing a raw apprentice. "Working on other people's homes," he said, "now and then leads to embarrassing situations . . . but you can always handle them by using tact. Only the other day, I entered a bathroom and found a lady there, taking a bath. I said, 'Excuse me, sir,' and backed out, giving the impression I hadn't got a close look at her."

The next day, the apprentice came staggering back from a call, nursing a split lip, a black eye and other severe contusions. The boss said, "What happened to you, son?"

"You and your tact!" the apprentice exploded. "I was called to the bridal suite of the Stilton-Plaza, to fix a leaking faucet. I got halfway across the bedroom, before I saw a couple making love in the bed. The groom saw me and cursed me out proper, but I remembered your tact, tipped my hat and said, 'excuse me, gentlemen.' Then the roof fell in!"

* * *

BONE OF CONTENTION

The salesman was peddling his wares in a heavily populated suburb. After a while, he paused in front of a house from which loud sounds of domestic strife sounded. As the salesman paused to listen, a small boy came running out of the house.

"What's the matter, son?" the salesman asked. "Are your folks fighting?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad. "They're always fighting."

"Who's your dad?" the salesman asked.

"That's just what they're always fighting about," the boy replied.

* * *



WELL PADDED

She was "lover-gal" in old New York,

The hottest of the group.
But on the old expense account,
She was just cigars and soup.

* * *

UNUSUAL

The club-member asked the newcomer with whom he had just played 18 holes, "How do you do it?"

The member had just been soundly trounced by his guest, although the latter used a lacrosse bat for his long balls, employed a ping-pong paddle for his approaches and putted using a bow and arrow to direct the ball into the cup — yet he had scored an easy 69.

"Well," said the newcomer, "all my life I have been blessed with absolute physical control. And frankly, perfection can be tiring. So I set little challenges for myself in every physical thing I do. You just saw one. When I play tennis, I use a badminton bat, I ride to hounds on a Shetland pony, et cetera."

Goggle-eyed, the member said, "Tell me one thing, will you? How do you . . . ?"

"Everyone asks me that," replied the newcomer. "I do it standing up — on a surfboard."

* * *

SAD SONG

The dyed-in-the-wool, 100%, genuine music-lover has been recently defined as a man who will put his ear to the keyhole when he hears a girl singing offkey in the bathtub!

* * *



NONE SO BLIND . . .

Caught in traffic behind a truck, an exceedingly charming young woman noticed the warning sign on the tailgate which read—"If you can read this, you're too damn close." It gave her ideas.

Visiting her favorite lingerie shop, the girl ordered a dozen pairs of nylons, requesting that the truck slogan be embroidered across the top of each pair.

Surprised, the saleslady asked if the girl wanted the embroidery in script or in block letters.

"Make it in Braille!" snapped the girl.

* * *

WHO NEEDS GARTERS?

When Sadie ran into Maisie after not seeing her for a couple of years, she was impressed by the improvement in her appearance and said so.

Replied Maisie, "I've had my face lifted and the wrinkles removed by plastic surgery."

"It sure makes you look ten years younger," said Sadie enviously.

"More than that," said Maisie, "it's cured my chronic back-ache."

"How come?"

"Well, when I pull up my stockings, all I have to do is raise my eyebrows."

* * *

NO GROUNDS!

Although she was obviously expecting an imminent bundle from heaven, the film star visited her attorney and told him she wanted an immediate divorce. The lawyer, quite naturally, wished to know the grounds she felt made such a suit impelling at such a time. When the actress seemed at a loss, the attorney said, "Well, do you wish to sue for desertion, for cruelty, for —"

"Not either of those," interrupted the actress hastily. "I don't like the sound of them."

"Very well then, how about adultery?" suggested the lawyer.

"That's perfect!" exclaimed the star, her eyes shining. "Why, even this baby I'm expecting isn't his!"

* * *



FIRST READER

The two delicious models were chatting about their boy-friends one day, over a luncheon martini, when the blonde entered into a description of the wonders of her newest light-of-love. "You won't believe it," she exclaimed, "but he actually has the 'Declaration of Independence' tattooed right across his tummy."

"You rat!" screamed the brunette. "You've been reading my male!"

* * *

STRIPPED!

Marian is the perfect suburban wife—in fact, she has only one failing, a fondness for poker, which she plays one evening a week with a group of women-friends. Being the ideal wife otherwise, Marian was concerned recently about waking up her hard-working husband when she got home in the small hours from her once-a-week gamble.

Deciding to try not to awaken him, she undressed in the living room and, purse over arm, tiptoed stark naked into the bedroom, only to find her husband sitting up reading in bed.

Staring at his ever-loving in alarm, hubby jumped to the obvious conclusion and cried, "Good grief, honey! Did you lose everything?"

* * *



HOW'S THAT?

Joe: "Jane, baby, do you know what sex on the rocks is?"

Jane: "No, Joe, what?"

Joe: "Mighty damned uncomfortable!"

* * *

WANTED

Most girls' kisses leave a lot to be desired—namely, the rest of them!

* * *

FAIR NOTICE

An ardent husband with a highly jealous temperament came home from the office early one day. After looking around his bedroom, he strode directly to the bathroom medicine chest. There, he plucked out a straight razor and began, very deliberately, to sharpen it on a strop.

His bride, puzzled, inquired, "Dave, why are you sharpening your blade now?"

"Well," replied Dave in definitely grim tones, "I saw a pair of man's shoes under the bed when I came in just now. I don't think they belong to me. So, if there is no man inside them, then I intend to shave."

* * *



GUILTY PAIR

The middle-aged farmer was married to a wife who took sick. Since she needed constant care, he hired a nurse to tend to her needs. The nurse was a lusty, buxom wench who did not hesitate to take care of her employer's bodily needs as well as of his wife's illness.

After a month or so, the wife began to get better, and the nurse's professional services were no longer needed. She departed, but a few weeks later the farmer got a letter that caused him grave concern.

Noting his perplexity, his wife said, "Please tell me what has you so upset. After all, when we got married, we vowed to share as one person all of our joys and sorrows. If something is wrong, I want to know it and share in the responsibility."

"Well," said the farmer, "when you put it *that* way . . . I guess it's okay to tell you. This letter is from the nurse. She just discovered she's pregnant and she blames — *us*!"

* * *

CHOOSY

Then there was the magician who sawed his wife in two because he didn't like her whole . . .

* * *

There are girls who will go so far to get a mink coat that, when they get it, they have trouble buttoning it!

* * *

ALL DATED UP!

The revival meeting was in full shout when the good-looking woman jumped to her feet and cried, "Praise the Lord! Last night I was in the arms of Satan, but tonight I'm in the arms of St. Peter!"

To this, a male voice retorted from the multitude, "Sister, how are you fixed for tomorrow night?"

* * *

ALL IN THE GAME

A quartet of "men of distinction" were sitting around their exclusive club, bragging about their families. Said the first, "I have five sons—enough to field a basketball team."

"I've got six boys myself," crowed the second quickly. "I could make a hockey team out of them."

"And I've got nine, all boys," remarked the third, proudly. "Enough to make up a baseball team."

All eyes turned on the fourth member of the company, who had been holding himself in the background of the conversation. "What about you?" asked the first speaker. "How many have you got?"

"Eighteen—all daughters," was the weary reply. "A golf course."

* * *



Confucius say rape impossible because girl runs faster with skirt up than man with pants down.

* * *

This man limped into the dispensary with a golf putter protruding from his rear. The doctor, puzzled, removed it, then asked, "How in hell did it happen?"

"It was this way, doc," said the relieved patient. "I took my wife out to give her a golf lesson this morning. On the very first green, we were both on, lying two. My wife was furthestest away and putted first . . . and sank her ball. I leaned over to pluck her ball out of the cup, and all I said was 'Honey, this looks like your hole,'—and, doc, *that's* when it happened!"

* * *

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR

The way we heard it, it was the late John Barrymore who said: "The best way to fight a woman is with your hat — grab it and run."

* * *

THE LONG WAY

The drill-sergeant was questioning new draftees at a basic training camp. "You," he snapped at the first in line, "what did you do in civilian life?"

"I painted spots on rocking horses."

"Fine!" growled the approving non-com. "We can always use a skilled man." Then, to the next recruit, he asked the same question.

"I made left-handed monkey-wrenches," replied the recruit.

"That's what this army needs — trained men," approved the sergeant. He shuddered, however, as he looked over the marcelled, effeminate character next in line.

"What about *you*?" he snarled.

"Me? Why, I was an interior decorator."

"My Gawd!" moaned the non-com. "And we gotta make a soldier out of you. Tell me one thing — could you actually get up guts enough to kill a man?"

"Goodness, yes!" lisped the recruit. "But it would take simply days and days!"

* * *



ALL THE WORLD A ZOO

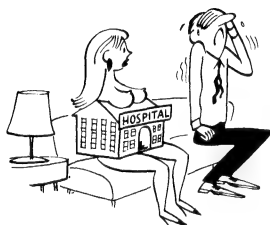
When God made the world, he summoned Man and told him he was allotting him twenty years of regular sex-life. This, Man resented as niggardly, but the Creator refused to give him any sextension.

Then He turned to the ape and gave him 20 years, too. "But ten's all I want or need," said the ape, so man pleaded for the ape's spare sexlife and got it.

Then God called the lion and gave him 20 years of sex, and the lion, like the ape, wanted only 10 — so again man asked for the extra years and got them. After this, the same routine was gone through with the donkey.

Now this is why man has 20 years of regular sex-life, then spends the next 10 monkeying around, the 10 after that lion about it, and the final 10 years making an absolute ass of himself.

* * *



ROUGH COMING

Alice was an exceedingly hot dish when aroused, and on this particular evening she was running a fever of about 180° Fahrenheit. Yet, though she was lovely and was even more desperate than eager for action, the new young man in town was proving painfully slow. Her every hint bounced off his obtuseness like hailstones off a tin roof.

Finally, she said coily, "Robert, wouldn't you like me to show you where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

"Hell, no!" replied the dunce. "I can't stand hospitals."

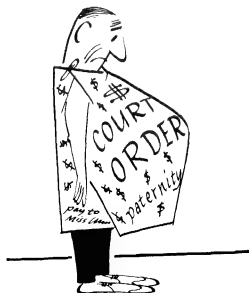
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GO AHEAD AND SCREAM!

It occurred during the last major war, when an American destroyer, in a crowded harbor overseas, cut too closely behind the fantail of a huge British aircraft carrier. As luck would have it, just as the U.S. vessel passed under the big Britisher's stern, a groundswell actually caused it to make brief, scraping contact with the larger vessel.

As the ships pulled apart, every eye on the decks of the American ship watched the carrier's "island," to see what red-hot message the admiral commanding would send in reprimand to the impertinent little U. S. vessel. However, the biscuit light message that came from the carrier was hardly what had been expected. The admiral flashed, "If you touch me there again, I'll scream!"

* * *



REVEALING!

PREGNANT WIFE (after looking at herself in the mirror): No matter how you slice them, there is nothing as revealing as a maternity dress.

CYNICAL HUSBAND (after considering his wife's remark briefly): Oh, but there is — a paternity suit!

* * *

SAD BUT TRUE!

No girl's conscience will keep her from doing anything wrong — it will merely keep her from enjoying it!

* * *

It happened in the Far North. Two trappers visited the store at the last outpost to purchase supplies for the long winter ahead. After heaping their sleds with ammunition, canned goods, kerosene, matches, flour and other necessities, they were about to mush off for their eight-month stay under the noonday moon.

"Hold on, fellows," said the storekeeper. "Would you like one of these?" He indicated a large board, shaped like an hour-glass.

"What's that?" one trapper asked.

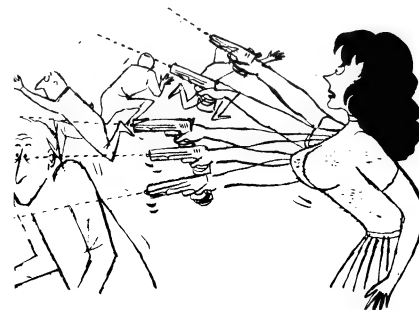
With a leer, the storekeeper replied, "This? Why, this is a love-board. It's shaped so you can hug it when you're lonely."

"Give us two of them," said the trappers.

Eight months later, one of the trappers turned up at the outpost, shaggy and worn. The storekeeper recognized him and said, "Hey there! Where's your pal?"

"Had to shoot him," the trapper replied. "Caught him messin' around with my loveboard!"

* * *



HE FINALLY STOPPED

An attorney friend of ours told us about the neatest bit of defense testimony we've heard of in quite awhile. A well-stacked and curvy blonde cutie was on the witness stand, charged with shooting her late lover six times "in self-defense." The prosecutor, of course, just didn't believe her. "Six times?" he shouted. "And you call it self-defense?"

"Oh, I only meant to shoot him once," she said, her voice like honey. "But he kept moving!"

* * *

SURE — WHY NOT?

Eloise swears she's never slept with a man, necked, petted or even been kissed.

Well, wouldn't you swear, too?

* * *

EAGER BEAVER

Oswald had just about landed what he thought was an ideal job — groundskeeper at a nudist camp.

"Now about money," said the job-interviewer. "How does fifty dollars a week sound?"

Oswald frowned, scuffed his feet against the floor thoughtfully, then said "Gee mister, I don't know if I could pay that much."

* * *

AND WHY NOT

You may have read of the 84-year-old man who married a 19-year-old girl. He died of a new disease called Ecstasy — it took the undertaker a week to wipe the smile off his face.

* * *



THE BUCK STOPS HERE

Percy, an inveterate rounder and man-about-town, although a married man, not only irked his wife by sallying forth night after night, but added injury to insult by saying good-bye with, "Goodnight, mother of three."

This proved the final straw. The next evening after dinner, when Percy reached for his hat, his wife said, "Good-night, father of one."

Percy hasn't dared leave home since.

* * *

AND THAT AIN'T GOOD!

"Doctor," said the distraught patient in the psychiatrist's office, "you've got to help me. Every night, all I dream about is food, food, food!"

"Don't you ever dream about women?" the psychiatrist inquired.

"Yes, but I keep pouring ketchup over them," said the hapless patient.

* * *

WELL, THAT'S HOLLYWOOD!

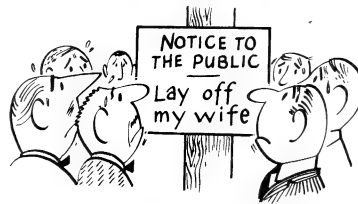
We heard about two local couples who had known each other for quite awhile and, after talking it over, decided to do a bit of swapping. The trade was made and the newly arranged couples retired to their respective bedrooms. After about an hour of fun and games, one of the gals, propped herself up on an elbow, looked at her new partner and said: "Well, I wonder how the men are doing?"

* * *

IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN

You may have heard about it already, but we just learned that a New York publisher is bringing out a sequel to the book, "Sex And The Single Girl." It's to be called, "The Son Of Sex And The Single Girl."

* * *



PROBLEM

J.B. is sticking close to his club for safety these days. His problem is that he received a typewritten note the other day, saying, "Lay off my wife, you Casanova, or I'll sprinkle your hide with buckshot."

Since he has a flock of Stuff on the string, J.B. is perfectly willing to lay off — the hitch is, the outraged husband who sent the note failed to sign it.

* * *

SHORT-SIGHTED

Then there was the midget who cut short his visit to the nudist camp after the first day. "It was a real drag, man," he said. "Strictly for the birds. Everyone there looked like Mitch Miller."

* * *

Shortly after becoming engaged to a gorgeous doll, Harold had to leave town on a business trip for a week, to purchase raw materials for the plant. He was gone two weeks, then three, at the end of which the doll got a wire which read—STILL BUYING. MUST REMAIN HERE ONE MORE WEEK. LOVE. HAROLD.

The doll, who was no idiot, replied as follows — BETTER GET BACK QUICK, LOVER, BEFORE I START SELLING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE BUYING.

* * *



SOUNDS LOGICAL

The sages say that the real reason gentlemen prefer blondes is because they get dirty more rapidly.

* * *

SALOONERIE

These two deep characters were delving deep into abstruse subjects late one night at the neighborhood tavern, and one of them startled the other by stating solemnly that, of all living creatures on earth, the male alligator was man's best friend.

"How come?" asked the startled one.

"How come?" countered his interlocutor. "I'll tell you how come. Don't you realize that the female alligator lays 10,000 eggs at a time, and that the male alligator eats 9,999 of them?"

"So what?" snapped the cynic.

"So what!" exclaimed the first speaker. "If it wasn't for the male alligator eating up all those eggs, you'd be to your eyeballs in alligators!"

* * *



COME AGAIN

The young girl had just been thoroughly examined by the physician, who asked, "What is your husband's name?"

"I don't have a husband," the fair one said.

"Your boyfriend then?"

"I don't have a boyfriend."

The doctor crossed to an east window and opened the Venetian blinds so he could see out.

"Why are you doing that?" the girl asked.

Said the physician, "My dear, the last time this happened, a star rose in the East, and by God I don't want to miss it this time!"

* * *

WHO OR WHOM?

The Hollywood producer was having simultaneous affairs with his newest starlet at the studio and with the French maid at home. On a certain night, this triple-lover had a heavy date with the starlet and called home from his office to inform his wife not to expect him until late.

As it happened, the maid answered the phone and, not wishing her to know it was he, he put on an exceedingly gruff tone and said, "Tell Madam to turn in early, that I'll be along as fast as I can."

"Certainement, Monsieur," replied the maid, "but who shall I say is calling?"

* * *

SLOWPOKE

The husband sued for divorce on the ground that his wife beat him.

"How often does she beat you?" inquired the judge.

"Every damned time, your honor," was the unexpected reply.

* * *



THREE FOR THE MONEY

While we were in Vegas, we ran into Bernie the Bookie, who recounted a couple of his observations about the town. "The trouble with hitting a jackpot on a slot machine," said Bernie, "is it takes so long to put the money back in the machine."

"One thing about this town — it's full of poor losers. But then, who ever heard of a rich one?"

"I'll tell you one thing — I'm through playing craps with the showgirls around here! They get too damn sore when you make passes!"

* * *

DAWNY!

The zookeeper was showing a distinguished out-of-town visitor through his menagerie, and was especially proud of some of the more unusual species the park boasted. "In that cage," he said, nodding toward an odd-looking bird, "is a cross between a swan and a goose that we call a swoose. And on your left is a cross between a deer and an antelope, which we call a dope. But this one on your right presents a graver problem. It's a cross between a fawn and a duck, and so far we've been unable to come up with a proper name for it."

* * *

ALAS . . . !

The small-city businessman, a widower and well-off at 69, sold out and visited New York to see the sights. Once settled in his hotel room, he removed his clothing and relaxed on the bed. As he lay there, the door opened and a delightfully curved redhead appeared, wearing only a diaphanous negligee.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, seeing him there. "I must be in the wrong room."

"No," he replied. "You're in the right room — but you're about 20 years too late."

* * *

A RATHER THIN BOOK, TOO

Last week, we took one of those new economy jet coach flights into Las Vegas and we think this economy business has been carried too far. The same guy who sold us our tickets followed us on board and walked past us towards the pilot's compartment, reading a paperback entitled: *Flying Made Simple*.

* * *



MODERN DESIGN

Not so long ago, when a man applied for a job with a corporation, he was either hired or not. Nowadays, however, he has to go through a series of psychiatric tests that would have sent an earlier prospective employee out of the office in a huff.

For instance, when a chap named Larry came home after passing through such a series of tests, he remarked to a friend, "They asked me so many questions about my sex life that I had to look around twice to make sure I wasn't being hired for a whorehouse!"

* * *

REAL CRAZY, MAN

This way-out hipster was ambling down Vine Street one day when he spotted an organ grinder beating out off-key Neapolitan airs on a hurdy-gurdy while his tiny monkey proffered a tin cup. This hipster was entranced by the novel spectacle and stood there, watching, until the monkey came dancing up to him for a contribution.

Then he gave the organ grinder a congratulatory slap on the back and cried, "Man, I don't dig that mouldy-frog music, but you sure have got a crazy son!"

* * *

MORE OLD STUFF

Said the incredulous physician, "Sir, for a man of your years, you have some wierd ideas. I've been practicing for more than twenty years, and I've never before heard of such a complaint. What do you mean, precisely, when you say, 'My virility is too high'?"

"Oh," said the man of experience, "It's all in my head."

* * *

Bartender, bartender, have you any hootch?

Yes, sir, yes sir, gin and scotch.

Some for myself, and

Some for my kin,

And some for my sister,

Who's living in sin.

* * *



FRUSTRATED!

There was once a hillbilly from the backwoods of Tennessee who visited Memphis for the first time. Since he frequented the saloon at his downtown hotel, he became friendly with a traveling salesman and, one evening, asked the salesman if he couldn't inform him where he could have a really good time.

"Glad to oblige," said the salesman, scribbling an address on a scrap of paper. "You take a cab to this address and ask for Madam. She'll fix you up."

Coming downstairs for breakfast the following morning, the salesman saw his hillbilly pal in the hotel dining room and inquired how he made out.

"Didn't," said the countryman.

"What went wrong?" the other asked. "Couldn't you find the address I gave you?"

"Oh," replied the hillbilly, "I found it okay. But I had to spend the whole night on the front steps."

"How come?" asked the astonished salesman.

"Nuthin' else to do," replied the hick. "The red light didn't change all night."

* * *

CAGEY

The rube from the foothills, with the snaggle-toothed blonde clinging to his arm, picked up the hotel desk pen and signed the register with an O.

Amused, the clerk said, "I've seen enough people sign with an X, but I never saw anyone use an O before."

"Nuthin' so eccentric about it," said the hill-william furtively. "When I'm runnin' around in the city with wild women, I never use my right name."

* * *

MINK, SCHMINK . . .

"Darling!" cried Nancy to Eloise. "Where did you get that beautiful mink stole? I've been struggling to buy one for years."

"Sweet," replied Eloise, "all you have to do is stop struggling."

* * *



WHAM, BAM!

The Vermont farmer went into town one day to consult his doctor about a most vexing problem. "Doc," he said, "I'm up agin' it. Sometimes, when I'm plowin' the hillside potato patch on the far side, I get the old urge. But I got no way of lettin' Annie know about it, what with her tendin' the house and the kids. By the time I get back home at sundown, I'm too blamed bushed to do anythin'."

"You have got a problem," said the MD.

"It's ruinin' my marriage," lamented the farmer. "Got any suggestions, Doc?"

"Well," opined the medico after a moment of deep thought, "you might take a shotgun out into the field with you. Then, when you get the urge, you could fire it as a signal for Annie to run out and join you."

Delighted with the prospect of a fuller wedded life, the farmer went home in a glow. But a week later, he was back, more disconsolate than ever.

"Didn't you take my advice," the doctor asked him.

"Sure did," replied the farmer, "but it didn't do no good."

"How come?"

"I'll tell you how come," exploded the outraged farmer. "The deer season opened the next day, and poor Annie ran herself plumb to death tryin' to answer all them gunshots!"

* * *

TAKING TURNS

"And now," said the physician to the easily embarrassed young woman, "please undress."

"All right doctor," she replied, turning a fiery red, "but you first."

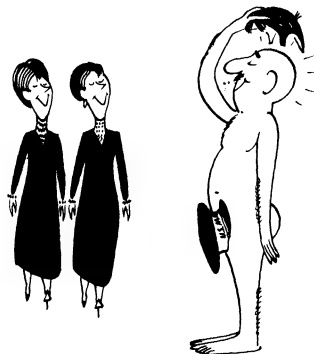
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LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

HE: . . . And if you'll just go out with me this once, I promise I won't try to kiss you, or get fresh with you, or talk you into an affair, or anything like that.

SHE: Buster, you just talked yourself out of one hell of a date.

* * *



STAMPED!

It was hot, and the Rural Free Delivery postman yielded to temptation when he passed the old swimming hole, parked his car, stripped by the pondside and dived in for a cooling dip. However, the water was so refreshing that he stayed in longer than he had planned and, when he did emerge, all of his clothing had been stolen except for his uniform cap.

As he was trying to figure a way out of the dilemma, he heard feminine voices approaching. Picking up the grey cap, he clapped it over his private parts just in the nick of time. Two spinster ladies came strolling round the bend and both tittered loudly at his embarrassment as they strolled by.

"If you were ladies," cried the outraged postman, "you wouldn't laugh."

"And if you were a gentleman," riposted one of the old maids, "you'd tip your hat!"

* * *

INSIDE INFORMATION?

We got to 'Vegas without mishap and we noticed that more and more of the nearby atom scientists are frequenting the casinos. We were in one place where two of them were standing near a roulette table where a third one was betting like mad while they looked on intently. Finally one of the bystanders, a runty little guy with big horn-rimmed glasses, said: "Von Dribble gambles like there was no tomorrow."

His companion looked at him bug-eyed. "Good Lord! Do you think he knows something?"

* * *

POINT OF VIEW

"Your constant infidelity proves you to be an absolute rotter!" cried the outraged wife who had caught her husband red-handed if not red-faced in his umpteenth act of adultery.

"To the contrary," countered the erring male serenely. "It merely proves that I'm much too good to be true."

* * *



A REAL GOOD CRY!

Just in from a month-long trip to California, Harvey was greeted at Idlewild by his partner, Leo. After taking one look at him, Leo said, "What's wrong with your eyes, Harvey? The smog in Los Angeles get them? They're all bloodshot."

"No, Leo," said Harvey sadly. "It was like this—the first night I was in L.A., I met this terrific broad and scored big. Well, the next morning, when I woke up, she was crying. I asked her what was wrong, and she said, 'Honey, I feel awful. I'm a married woman with a couple of kids, and I'm so ashamed of myself!'"

"Well, that started me thinking about Lois and the twins, and I cried, too."

"So what!" said Leo. "That was a month ago. So why are your eyes still red?"

"Man!" said Harvey. "You try waking up and weeping every morning for a month and see how your eyes look!"

* * *

WE HEARD IT AT THE BROWN DERBY

The two young office-types were dawdling over their after-lunch coffee and one of them, a dazzling, wide-eyed blonde, was sporting a shiny-new band on the third finger, left hand. She looked wistfully at her brunette gal-pal and sighed: "I'm absolutely sick of marriage! Tommy hasn't made love to me since the honeymoon!"

"He hasn't?" The brunette was obviously astounded. "For heaven's sake divorce him!"

"I can't—Tommy isn't my husband!"

* * *

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND . . .

After a very, very wild night, the lover looked down at his companion and said, "Darling, do you tell your mother everything you do?"

Replied the girl, "Certainly not — mother doesn't give a damn. It's my husband who is always so inquisitive."

* * *

OTHER TIMES . . .

The aging alumnus visited his son in the old alma mater and noticed a woman's shoe nailed up over the fraternity house door. Said Dad, "When I was here, we didn't nail up a woman's shoe, we nailed a horseshoe over the door."

"But, Dad," protested Junior, "that is a whore's shoe!"

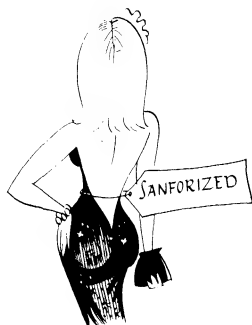
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REAL CRAZY, MAN!

A wildly dissipated playboy got word from his physician that he was going to have to straighten out or drop dead. So, the first week, he dropped cigars, the second week he swore off liquor, the third week he cut out women. The fourth week he began to cut out paper dolls!

* * *



INVISIBLE GIRL

Cora was hardly the sort of girl you usually meet at a YWCA dance, so the young man asked cautiously, "You don't shrink from kissing a man, do you?"

"Hell, no!" replied Cora forthrightly. "If I did, I'd be nothing but skin and bones!"

* * *

WITH CUFFS?

Bernie, our favorite bookie, has turned his hand to inventing. He tells us he's working on a new kind of racing form — it unfolds into a pair of pants so you have something to walk home in.

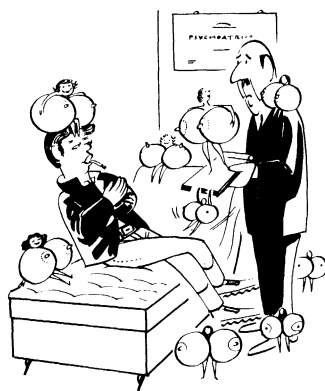
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IRRESISTIBLE

It doesn't matter how much money a Hollywood producer has in the bank — he still can't resist trying to make a little extra on the side!

* * *



LOOK WHO . . . !

It took quite a tussle, but at last the juvenile delinquent's parents managed to get him to a psychiatrist's office, where the doctor-in-charge began putting him through tests. First he drew a picture of two circles and said to the boy, "What does that make you think of?"

"Two people making love," was the reply.

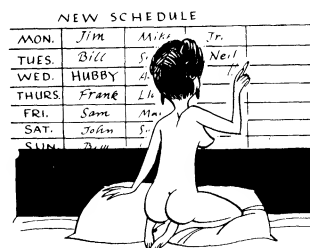
The psychiatrist then drew a triangle and repeated the question. The prompt answer was, "Three people making love."

Concerned, the doctor drew a square and showed it to his young patient. "It reminds me of four people making love," said the youth.

The psychiatrist laid down his pad and pencil and shook his head, remarking, "You really are obsessed with sex, my boy."

The delinquent started and reared resentfully, "I'm obsessed with sex! Look who's been drawing dirty pictures!"

* * *



ROUGH ALL OVER

The two old buddies were enjoying a communal drink at the bar of their favorite saloon, and one of them was telling the other his troubles, which were considerable.

"But the final straw," he said bitterly, "is my wife cutting me down to just once a week."

"Hah!" replied the other. "You're lucky. Why, I know a half dozen guys she has cut off altogether."

* * *

UNCOUTH

The expensively bred young woman had been asked by her fiance to meet his parents over cocktails in a swank Manhattan cafe. When the parents had gone, she not unnaturally wanted to know what sort of an impression she had made.

"Well," said her fiance unhappily, "when you went to the powder room, mother told me she found you rather uncouth."

"Uncouth!" cried the girl. "Did you tell them I went to Miss Spence's, then Ethel Walker, then Bryn Mawr?"

"Of course, darling, but —"

"And did you tell them, outside of a town house, that my parents have a sixty-room 'cottage' at Newport?"

"Yes, dear."

Then what's all this uncouth crap about?"

* * *

RED TAPE

The attractive young secretary was having a dreadful time in Washington, D. C., while being interviewed for a minor government job. She was an adventurous type, who had traveled a great deal, and the official conducting the interview seemed to find this fact suspicious.

Finally, as his questions grew more and more personal, she blew her stack. "Listen, you," she said sharply. "Just because I worked in Berlin doesn't make me a Nazi . . ."

"I understand that," said the official.

" . . . and just because I worked in Moscow doesn't make me a Communist," the girl persisted. "And just because I worked in the Virgin Islands . . ."

She got the job!

* * *

YOU DO THAT!

The brand-new company physician was in the throes of testing the heartbeat and respiration of his first group of secretaries and stenographers. He, was obviously very nervous, but just as obviously determined to maintain his poise at all costs. One after another, he held his stethoscope to shapely bosom after shapely bosom, red of face but otherwise the picture of professional detachment.

At last, however, Lorrain, the office Jayne Mansfield, stepped up for her examination, sinuously unbuttoning her blouse to reveal a pair of fine, full 40-C breasts that were her pride and joy. "Doctor," she sighed sexily, "what do you want me to do?"

"Just deathe breeply," he replied calmly. "Deathe breeply, miss."

* * *

WHERE'S THE POINT?

Customer: I'd like a pencil.

Clerk: Hard or soft?

Customer: Hard—it's for writing a love-letter.

* * *

HORRIBLE!

Solemnly, the 10-year-old lad showed his father the exceedingly sexy calendar picture of a very, very busty nude. "This is horrible, father," the kid said.

Dad looked at the picture, then did a double take. It revealed a blonde with one foot in the bathtub carrying on a telephone conversation, presumably with an unseen admirer.

Not knowing quite how to handle the situation, dad hedged and said, "Why do you find it so horrible, son?"

"Because, if she answered the phone with a foot in the tub, she'd be electrocuted," the boy replied.

* * *



QUESTION, PLEASE?

Hotel detective, knocking on customer's door — "Are you entertaining a woman in there?"

Customer — "Wait just a moment, sir, and I'll ask her."

* * *



POWERFUL STUFF!

Two Hill Williams were taking their first train ride, and decided to sample the soda pop the vendor was selling. As Zeke took the first swig, the train entered a tunnel.

"How is it, Zeke," his friend asked.

"Don't drink it, Ab," Zeke replied. "I been struck blind!"

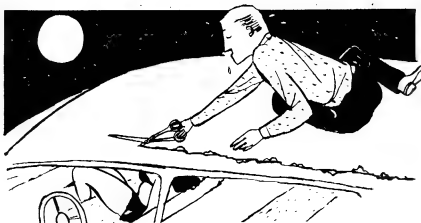
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ROUGH RIDER

The country couple registered in the big city hotel on the first night of their honeymoon. The clerk, recognizing them for newlyweds, leaned forward, smiled and suggested, "Do you wish the bridal suite, sir?"

Turning to his bride, the youth asked her, "Do you think we need a bridal suite?"

"Heck no, honey!" was the maiden's reply. "When we get started, you just hang onto me real tight and we won't need no harness at all."



THE HARD WAY

As they were having lunch, Bill asked Dick, "How'd the date with the new chick go last night?"

"It finally turned out okay, but I was worried at first."

"Oh, why?"

"Well, we drove out to a nice secluded spot, but when we started getting cozy, she insisted she wanted the top down 'cause it was such a swell night. So, I got out and, after about two hours, I got the top down..."

"Two hours? That's ridiculous—I can get the top down on my car in two minutes!"

"Yeah, but you got a convertible!"

* * *

BUY, BUY, BABIES!

It was paynight, and when, many hours late for dinner, hubby appeared weaving up the front steps, he was waving a pay-envelope. Seizing it and finding it empty, his wife snapped, "Where's the money?"

Unblinking, the reprobate male replied, "'Sall right, honey, I bought something for the housh."

"Like what?" demanded his spouse.

"Like ten rounds of drinks for every broad in the joint," he replied as he fell over the doormat and passed out.

* * *



TWO ON THE NOSE

The young man leaned anxiously over the psychiatrist's desk. "Doctor, my wife needs help. She thinks she's a horse!"

"Mmmmm! This sounds serious," replied the doctor. "Treatment may be long and costly."

"Oh, money is no object," the young man told him. "She won her last three races!"

* * *

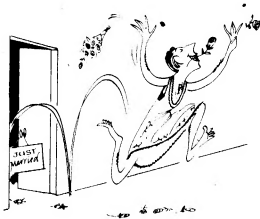


SPACEWAYS

The two-foot tall Martian landed his flying saucer in the middle of a nudsit camp. The first human to greet him was a tall and curvey blonde. Wide-eyed, she said, "I suppose you want me to take you to our leader?"

"The hell with your leader," leered the little Martian. "Take me to your ladder."

* * *



TAKEOFF!

It was a whirlwind romance, and the bride hardly knew her mate—furthermore, she had been protected by her parents from the perils of life and was almost utterly unsophisticated. Hence, she was horrified when, after registering in the honeymoon hotel, her beloved disappeared early the very first night, and she never saw him again.

Returned to her parents, the poor girl did her best to explain the embarrassing situation. Said she, "we went up to our room, and I opened my bag and began unpacking. On top was my new lace nightie, the one you gave me."

"Go on, dear," said the mother. "What did he do then?"

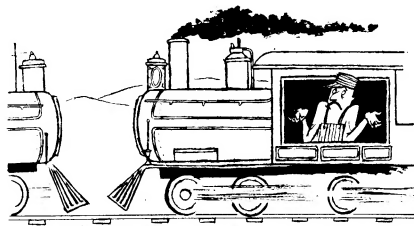
"He saw it first," she replied, "and before I knew what had happened, he had it on and flitted out of the room—and that was the last I saw of him."

* * *

SMOOOOOTH!

You won't find them any smoother than the character who managed to make his wife feel sympathy toward the girl who left her panties in the back seat of his car.

* * *



WHY FIGHT IT

One of our researchers claims he has the real scoop on the last day in the life of the legendary railroad hero, Casey Jones. It all started on the morning of the ill-fated day, he says. When Casey was taking a shower, he slipped on the soap. Then, as Casey was putting on his shirt, he ripped a seam out of it. Next, on the way out of the house, he fell downstairs. When he finally got out on his run, and was barreling down the track wide open, he looked up and saw this other train coming straight at him at the same speed and on the same track. He turned to his fireman and said: "Joe— you ever have one of those days?"

* * *

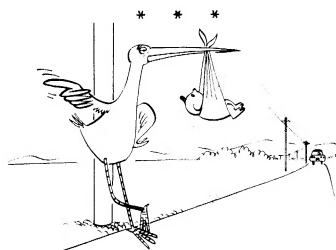


THE ROPES

After serving as receptionist-stenographer for three years in a Chicago radio station, the magnificently stacked young woman was transferred to the Hollywood office when her opposite number there unexpectedly quit to get married.

Upon reporting, the new boss called her into his office and gave her a warm little speech of greeting. "I only hope you'll be happy here, Miss Jones, because we expect to be happy with you. We'll be expecting just about the same sort of thing you've been doing in Chicago, so you shouldn't find things too difficult."

"Not at all," said the girl, unzipping her skirt. "Do you mind if I hang my clothes on the back of this chair, sir?"



WHERE, OH WHERE?

The Midwesterner was walking along a California beach early one morning, when he came upon a man, lying sound asleep on the sand although he held a fishpole in his hands and hook and line were in the water. As the hinterlander was eyeing this phenomenon, the line and pole began to jerk violently.

"Wake up, mister!" the Midwesterner cried. "You've got a bite!"

"Why, I do at that!" exclaimed the angler, yawning. "Would you very much mind pulling it in for me?"

Surprised, the tourist did as requested, whereat the lazy fisherman said, "Now, would you mind putting some fresh bait on the line and casting it out for me."

After doing so, the Midwesterner turned on the angler and said, "Anybody as lazy as you ought to get married and have a son to do all the chores for you."

"You're absolutely right," replied the angler. "Do you happen to know where I can find a pregnant woman?"

* * *

CATASTROPHE!

Just as Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke were about to go out to dinner, Mr. Pembroke discovered that a vital button was missing from his trousers. "Honey," he said, "I can't go out to dinner like this. You'll have to sew on a new button."

"I'm sorry—I can't, honey," said Mrs. Pembroke. "I'm all out of thread. But why don't you go to Mrs. Johnson's next door and have her sew one on. I can get the car out while she's doing it."

Some minutes later, Mr. Pembroke staggered into the car. He was in deplorable shape—eyes blackened, teeth missing, his clothing mangled. Cried his wife, "Good God, honey, what happened?"

"I just did what you told me," Pembroke replied, speaking with difficulty. "I asked Mrs. Johnson to sew on a button, and she was very nice about it."

"But what happened?" repeated his wife.

"She had just finished sewing it on and was biting off the thread when Mister Johnson marched in!"

* * *

OLD STUFF

Said Wilbur, "I'm sore at Mabel. She says I'm a wonderful guy, a lot of fun to be out with and a model lover."

Said Mick, "A model lover—what's wrong with that?"

Wilbur countered, "Well, she just traded me in for a new model."

* * *

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

The two vivacious young stenographers were discussing the latest addition to the staff, an exceedingly handsome young salesman. Said Marge, "I love the way that man dresses, don't you, Gert?"

"I sure do," replied Gert, adding. "And so quickly, too!"

* * *



OOPS AGAIN!

Said the more sophisticated older man, "Well, did you follow my instructions to kiss Louise when she least expects it?"

"Ohmygod!" said the younger man, fingering his black eye. "I thought you said where!"

* * *

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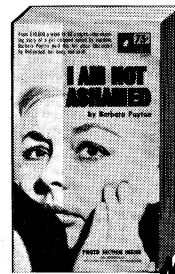
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OUI, OUI — NON, NON, NON!

Horace took Eloise on a Paris honeymoon, and they subleased an apartment there for six months. Late one afternoon, Horace, marvelled as his bride returned lugging an armful of groceries.

"I don't see how you do it, darling," he told her. "How do you manage?"

"What do you mean?" she countered.

"Well, you don't speak French, and the grocer doesn't speak English, so how do you manage to let him know what you want?"

"Oh, that's not so difficult—really!" she explained. "I use pantomime. For instance, if I want chicken, I just flap my arms and cackle. And if I want pig's feet, I take off my shoes, wiggle my toes and go, 'Oink, oink!'"

"Hmmph, I see," said Horace.

"And when I want frog's legs," Eloise continued, "I simply squat on the floor and leap around and croak."

"That does it!" shouted Horace.

"Don't ever let me catch you ordering rump steak!"

* * *



FRIENDS, INDEED!

The merchant seaman came home after a twelve-month voyage—to find his supposedly fond and faithful spouse in the act of nursing a newborn baby boy. Not unnaturally, he was furious and demanded to know who the father was.

"Was it my friend Donovan?" he asked.

"Not Donovan," replied the wife.

"Was it my friend Harvey?" the seaman demanded.

"Not Harvey," was the response.

"Then it must have been my friend Dave Dickens," said the outraged husband.

"Your friends, your friends!" snapped the wife. "All the time your friends! Don't you suppose I have any friends of my own?"

* * *

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

It was closing time at the bar. Said one drunk to the other, "Let's have one more drink and then go find us some girls."

"Naw," mumbled the other, "I've got more than I can handle at home."

"Shwell," replied the first man.

"Lesh have one more drink and go up to your place."

* * *

UNDERHANDED

Cried Mrs. Wilson, with a sob in her voice, "My husband is having an affair with the upstairs maid!"

Snapped Mrs. Jones, her very best friend, "I don't believe you. You're only making it up to make me jealous."

* * *



RUGGED

It's not the hop, skip and jump that wears out the carpet between twin beds—it's that ever-loving, slow drag back!

* * *

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

Before leaving home to visit her mother, Mrs. Squilch, who was exceedingly jealous of her spouse, gave a special assignment to her six-year-old son, David. "David," she said, "while mommy is away, I want you to watch daddy very carefully. If you catch him kissing the maid or fooling around with her, I want you to tell Mommy all about it when she gets back."

Ten days later, upon her return, she summoned David to her room and said, "Well, dear, did your daddy fool around with the maid?"

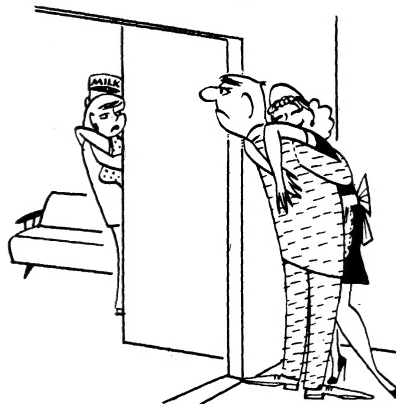
"You can say that again, Mommy!" David told her.

"That's all I wanted to know!" cried Mrs. Squilch, taking David by the arm and leading him into the pantry, where Mr. Squilch was mixing a drink.

"So!" she cried triumphantly. "I've got the goods on you at last. David, tell Mommy again what you saw daddy doing with the maid while Mommy was away."

Said David, "Why, Mommy, it was the same thing you do with the milkman when Daddy's away at his office."

* * *



SOMEBODY CHEATED

Morton presented the perfect picture of an outraged husband as he puffed savagely on his cigar in his club. "That wife of mine," he told a sympathetic chum. "She's a damned liar!"

"How do you know that?" the chum asked.

"Well, she was out all last night, and she claimed she spent it with her sister Maybelle."

"So...?"

"So she's a liar. I was with Maybelle all last night myself."

* * *

YANQUI HOSPITALITY

Young Gonzales was telling his fellow Mexicans about his trip to the United States. "Eez one wonderful countree!" he enthused. "Nowhere else in the world eez a stranger treated so well. You walk along the street, and you meet a handsome, well-dressed fellow with many pesos. He bows and smiles at you and invites you to ride in his Cadillac. He takes you to a wonderful restaurant, he buys you the very best food and drink. He takes you to the theater and a night-club. Then he asks you to come to his house, and you sleep nice all night. The next morning—"

"Hold it, Gonzales," said an incredulous listener. "Are you trying to tell us all this happened to you?"

"No—but eet happen to my seester."

* * *



SOME TRIP!

A French girl visiting our country was out of money just as her visa expired. In her despair she told her plight to a sailor. "My ship is sailing tonight," he said. "I'll smuggle you aboard, hide you in the hold, give you a mattress and food, and all you have to do is supply a little love."

The girl agreed and that night the sailor got her aboard. Twice a day he brought her food and got his reward. The days went into weeks and might have gone into months if the captain hadn't caught the sailor in his chicanery. After watching the process, the captain demanded an explanation. The girl told him her story. "A clever idea, miss, but I feel it is only fair to tell you that this is the Staten Island Ferry."

* * *

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